THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV —No 978

AUGUST 30, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper.

# THE BEST ON THE BOOKSTALL

# The BYSTANDER

**Spinet**

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

**20 for 1/6**

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz.

In enamelled pocket tins.

**BOLLINGER'S**

By Appointment to

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

**CHAMPAGNE**

1914 Vintage

**SHOOLBREDS**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

*SPLENDID SELECTION OF*

**BEDROOM and DINING ROOM FURNITURE**

*TO SUIT ALL REQUIREMENTS.*

EXAMPLES OF VALUES:

3ft. Oak Bedroom Suite, £17 - 10 - 0.

Jacobean Dining Room Suite, comprising: 4ft. Oak Sideboard, £7 10; Oak Dining Table, 4ft. 6in. x 3ft., £5; Six Oak Chairs in Rexine, £10 the set.

**DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA**

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., (Dept. 28), 23, Rood Lane, LONDON, E.C. 3.

A most refreshing beverage for dyspeptics and invalids and all who enjoy exquisite flavour. Send 3/- for a trial pound and we will include 2 oz. of the 3/8 and 2 oz. of the 4/2 qualities FREE, together with name of nearest agent.

**CORELLI VERMOUTH**

*Extract from "The Lancet."*

"This Vermouth consists of a matured wine, to which has been added certain vegetable extracts, mostly derived from the cinchona family. The analytical results are typical of a good Vermouth. Skilful blending of the flavouring matters has resulted in a very palatable product, which is free from 'harshness' or excessive sweetness."

Wholesale Agents

EDWARD YOUNG & CO. LTD., London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

*Made by Hand, One at a Time.*

555 *Virginia.*

**STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES**

444 *Turkish.*

*Absolutely Pure, and Unique in Quality.*

# The Dividends of Health

Lithe of step and clear of eye, he is young at sixty, because he did not waste his health in the care-free days of youth.

Caring for the teeth is like putting money in the savings bank: it pays dividends during life's ripened years.

There are two things you can do to offset Pyorrhea. (1) Go to your dentist regularly for teeth and gum inspection. (2) Start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

If used consistently and used in time, Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea or check it in its course. An excellent dentifrice also, it keeps the teeth white and clean, the gums pink and healthy.

*Brush Your Teeth with Forhan's—How to use it.*—Place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on a wet brush, then brush your teeth up and down. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush — gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush.

Economical to use—get it at all Chemists.

*Or send 2/6 for large-sized tube to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London. E.C.4.*

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW KNITTED SUIT FOR AUTUMN

*Knitted Woollen Jumper Suit (as sketch) made of super quality yarn, with facings on jumper and stripes in skirt of artificial silk. The skirt is knitted in the fashionable box pleated style; this is an ideal suit for all sports wear. Made in wide range of new season's colours (exclusive to Harvey Nichols.)*

PRICE

6½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

NEW VELOUR HATS
FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

MUSHROOM-SHAPED HAT with rolled edge in good quality velour, trimmed with satin ribbon and flower to match. In many lovely colours.

PRICE **4 Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

*Miss Joyce Barbour in her "L.B." Felt.* *Photo by Arbuthnot*

For Golfing
In White, Putty, String, Sepia, Champagne, Oyster, Pearl, Havana, Cornflower, etc.
*Zephyr weight (folding) Featherstitched edge.* 29/6
*Ordinary Soft Felt weight, Bound edge.* 35/-
Model shown No. 722.
*Made in various fittings.*
Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

*Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:*
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

*RICH*
*CHIFFON VELVET*
*TEAFROCKS*

This charming Teagown is made from rich quality silk chiffon velvet. It is graceful and becoming and adapted from one of the newest and most exclusive French models. An ideal garment for country house wear.

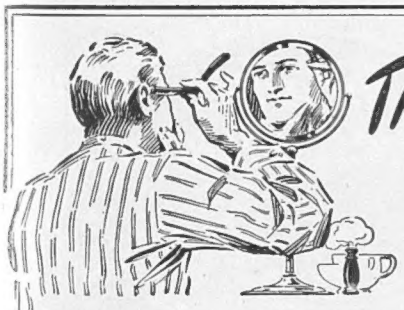
GRACEFUL TEAGOWN (as sketch) in rich quality silk chiffon velvet, cut to form long panel back, simple straight lines in front with V-shaped neck, caught at waist with gold galon girdle, new shaped sleeves, finished with small band at wrist. In Black, Gold, Royal, Red, Jade, Blue, Saxe, and other fashionable colours.

PRICE **6½ Gns.**

In outsizes, **7½ Gns.**

FURS AT SUMMER PRICES.
Until the end of September all furs will be marked at Special Summer Prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand at once. The New Winter Models are now in stock and can be copied.

**Debenham & Freebody.**
(INCORPORATED LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.



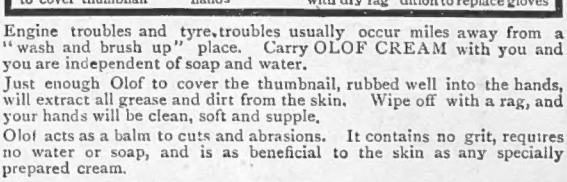
There is one good Razor

Not one day in the year, but every day you can shave with a **KROPP** and, as you pass your hand over your chin, truthfully exclaim: "Ah! that was a good shave."

To every man who hates shaving our advice is "Get a Kropp" and know what a clean, quick and pleasant shave really is. The secret of the Kropp is its keen blade, which is set and well balanced in its handle. You'll never have a single regret if you buy a Kropp, because this famous razor is the best investment for all self-shavers.

**BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-**
Every Kropp Razor is sold in a Case.
*From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.*
Send post card for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 26.
*Wholesale only:* **OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., Ltd., London, W.1**

"OLOF" Reg.d Cream




Engine troubles and tyre troubles usually occur miles away from a "wash and brush up" place. Carry OLOF CREAM with you and you are independent of soap and water.

Just enough Olof to cover the thumbnail, rubbed well into the hands, will extract all grease and dirt from the skin. Wipe off with a rag, and your hands will be clean, soft and supple.

Olof acts as a balm to cuts and abrasions. It contains no grit, requires no water or soap, and is as beneficial to the skin as any specially prepared cream.

**Olof Cream is supplied in 9d., 1/-, and 1/6 tins by Garages, Hardware Stores, Chemists, Cycle Shops, etc.**

**COUPON**

Sample tin can be obtained by cutting out this coupon, attaching to same your name and address with 2d. in stamps to John Knight, Ltd., Royal Primrose Soap Works, Silvertown, E.—*Bystander*.

It's really wonderful

how we can renovate your LAST YEAR'S

VELOUR FELT or BEAVER HAT

No matter how shabby it looks, we can renovate and reshape it to the most fashionable Autumn shape. Just roll up your hat with your name and address stitched inside the crown, and we will forward our Catalogue of over a hundred shapes to choose from, and tell you what the cost will be. If you prefer, send postcard for Catalogue first.

WE ALSO RENOVATE MEN'S SOFT FELT, VELOURS, AND HARD FELT BOWLERS.

The DUNSTABLE HAT RENOVATING Co. Ltd.

Church St. DUNSTABLE, Beds.

IN SENDING TO US YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE ORIGINAL AND LARGEST HAT RENOVATING FIRM IN THE KINGDOM.

Make beauty a duty!

BRISTOW'S Georgian Soap

A Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

Which beautifies the complexion, imparts a delicious sense of freshness and appeals to all appreciating

LUXURY WITH ECONOMY

*Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores in two sizes—Bath or Toilet.*

T. F. BRISTOW & CO. LTD.

*Established 1777.*

ST. JAMES' WALK, LONDON, E.C.1.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table"

America's Finest Tobacco

1/3½ per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
5/2 ¼lb. Tin -

GOLD BLOCK

FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

G.B.15

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

# Shoolbreds

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

## Two Attractive Early Autumn Models to be seen in our Showrooms

A becoming Coat and Skirt in good quality Velour. ¾ Length Coat, with large Fur Collar—fur edged, points at the side, daintily embroidered. Complete with well cut two-piece skirt. In all the leading shades.

PRICE £7 17 6

A graceful Frock in gabardine with georgette sleeves embroidered gold. Long waisted with slight fullness on hips and embroidered self coloured silk motifs. Finished at waist with gold girdle. In Nigger, Navy and Beige, also Black embroidered oxydised.

PRICE £8 18 6

Jas. Shoolbred & Co. Ltd., Tottenham Court Rd. London W.1



## DAINTY MILANESE UNDERWEAR

Made from pure silk Milanese. An exact copy of an exclusive Paris model.

**PURE SILK MILANESE NIGHTDRESS** (as sketch) daintily embroidered in leaf design. In White, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Lemon.

SPECIAL PRICE

**52/6**

Vest to match **16/9**

Knickers to match **19/6**

Cami petticoat to match **35/9**

Camisole to match **12/9**

LAYETTES

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of Infants' garments, short coating outfits, cots and baskets. All exclusive in design and made from best quality materials. Illustrated Catalogue post free.

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Post **25/-** Paid.

Black or Brown Calf Brogue Shoe, as illustrated. Welted as handsewn. Also obtainable in Derby style in Black or Brown. All sizes 3 to 7.

Special Offer in

## SCOT SHOES

for Ladies' Wear

Every Shoe Guaranteed a High-Grade Quality Model, equal to Bespoke Handsewn in Form and Feature. Great value; good wear; good style.

Remittances must be made payable to A. Duncan & Co., Ltd., and forwarded with order to Dept. A/5. Orders in strict rotation.

**THE SCOT SHOE HOUSE** (A. Duncan & Co., Ltd.)

21, MURRAYGATE - - - - DUNDEE



# Kenneth Durward LTD.

THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR GOLFING, SHOOTING, SPORTING AND MOTOR GARMENTS.

A Large Selection of

## Overcoats

for the Moors, Golfing, Shooting, and Holiday Wear. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

**From 7 Guineas.**

## Sporting and Golfing Jackets

In all sizes, colours and textures. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

**From 5 Guineas.**

Unrivalled Selection of CHEVIOTS, LOVATS, and SCOTCH and IRISH HOMESPUNS, Etc., for our famous "HO" GOLF SUIT.

**From 8 Guineas.**

The "HO" Golfing Suit. Pronounced by the leading Golfers to be the best Golf Coat yet invented, the expanding pleats giving the wearer perfect freedom in any position.

**ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.**

"Take a peg of John Begg"

**John Begg Ltd.**

64 WATERLOO STREET GLASGOW
106 FENCHURCH STREET LONDON E.C. 3

PROPRIETORS OF THE

ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY BALMORAL SCOTLAND

*All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years*

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

INEXPENSIVE
WELL-TAILORED
SHIRTS
FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

WE have a large and varied stock of inexpensive and exclusive Tailored Shirts, all of which are made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers. The value of these Shirts is quite exceptional.

ATTRACTIVE TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch), made in pure silk crepe armour, with becoming long collar, fastening three pearl buttons.

In Ivory only.

PRICE
**21/9**

Sizes 13 to 14½.

Outsize 2/- extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

*Sent on approval.*

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

*EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN PURE SILK*
*VEST AND KNICKERS*

***Pure Silk Milanese Vest** with new Batteau shaped neck daintily hemstitched and embroidered, medium size in White, Pink, Lemon, Sky, Mauve or Black.*

*PRICE*
*18/9*

*Knickers to match* **19/9** *pair.*

*HARVEY NICHOLS & Co., Ltd., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.*

**Absolutely IT**

for keeping the hair in perfect order throughout the day is ANZORA. The most uncontrollable head of hair is surely mastered. Gently, yet firmly, refuse proffered substitutes.

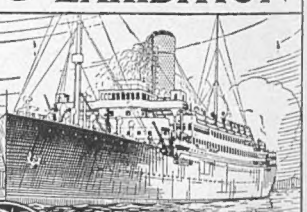
Anzora Cream for slightly greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in **1/6** and **2/6** (double quantity) bottles.

*Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W. 6.*

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

BRAZILIAN Centenary EXHIBITION

Rio de Janeiro
Sept 7th 1922 to March 31st 1923



REGULAR SAILINGS by

R·M·S·P P·S·N·C

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE E.C.2
& AMERICA HOUSE, COCKSPUR ST. S.W.1

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GORÉE WATER STREET
LIVERPOOL

# Back to School

Include CHILPRUFE in the School Outfit, and you will feel no anxiety in regard to the health dangers of the Winter Term. CHILPRUFE is the best insurance the children could have against all risks due to weather and temperature changes.

# CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE is made of the finest WOOL only, finished by a secret process, which greatly increases the protective value of the wool and makes CHILPRUFE the finest safeguard against all sickness arising from cold and damp. At the same time this special finish gives to CHILPRUFE a delightful softness and daintiness. CHILPRUFE is a real luxury to sensitive skins.

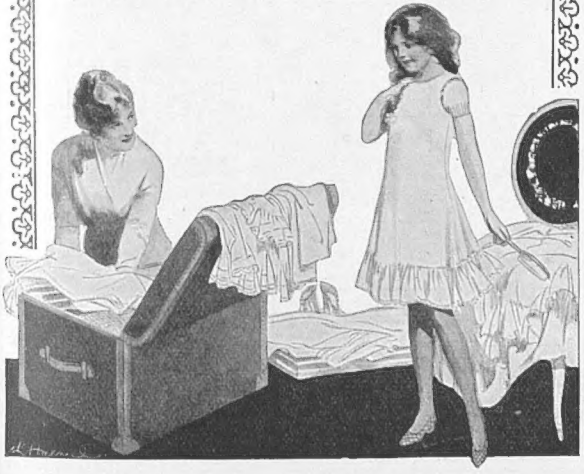
**EASILY WASHED**
**UNSHRINKABLE**
**AND VERY DURABLE**

Your draper can prepare you a complete CHILPRUFE SCHOOL OUTFIT AT SHORT NOTICE.

**NEW CHILPRUFE PRICE LIST**
**Ask your Draper, or write for a copy direct.**

*If unable to obtain Chilprufe write direct for address of nearest Agent.*

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.,
(John A. Bolton, Proprietor), LEICESTER.



## CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert and made on the premises by our own workers from high grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

**LITTLE GIRLS' AUTUMN COAT** (as sketch) in good quality Nap cloth, smartly trimmed scarlet and gold galon, and lined scarlet tussore silk.

| | Price |
|---|---|
| Size for 2 years | £6 12 6 |
| „ „ 3 „ | £6 19 6 |
| „ „ 4 „ | £7 7 0 |
| „ „ 5 „ | £7 12 6 |

Cap to match **59/6**

*Catalogue free.*

**Debenham & Freebody**
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

## Fashionable Shoes at Fixed Prices

YOU can get a Lotus or Delta shoe at the same price whether you buy it in Mayfair or Midsomer Norton, Oxford Street or Old Cumnock. It is all the same. The price is marked on the sole. And the quality is the same, too. There is no need to go far away from your own home to buy the premier brand of English factory-made shoes, for there is a Lotus agent in every district, and behind his selected stock of shoes, be it big or little, a complete stock at the factory available at 24 hours' notice, any size, any style, any fitting, in the catalogued varieties.

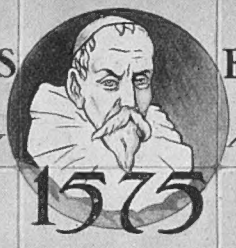
LOTUS
Women's Style
No. 815
Patent
Oxford Shoe
[36/-

**Lotus & Delta**

*For style book entitled "The Gift of Happy Feet" and address of nearest agent, apply to the manufacturers—*

LOTUS LTD., Stafford

LUCAS BOLS
Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam



1575

The world's favourite Liqueurs for 346 Years.

BOLS'
KÜMMEL
DRY CURAÇAO
CRÊME DE MENTHE
MARASCHINO AND
VERY OLD GIN

WHOLESALE AGENTS U.K.
BROWN·GORE & Co 40·TRINITY·SQUARE·LONDON·EC3

BOOTH'S
*"the very best"*

Old Matured
DRY GIN
straw coloured because it is matured in wood.

Millburn Highland
WHISKY
from the famous Distillery at Inverness. Perfectly Matured. Finest Quality.

*of all retailers*

Booth's Distillery Ltd.,
*Established 1740.*
55, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.
and at Millburn Distillery, Inverness.

SOARING INTO POPULARITY
More motorists than ever are now using SHELL MOTOR OIL as well as Shell spirit

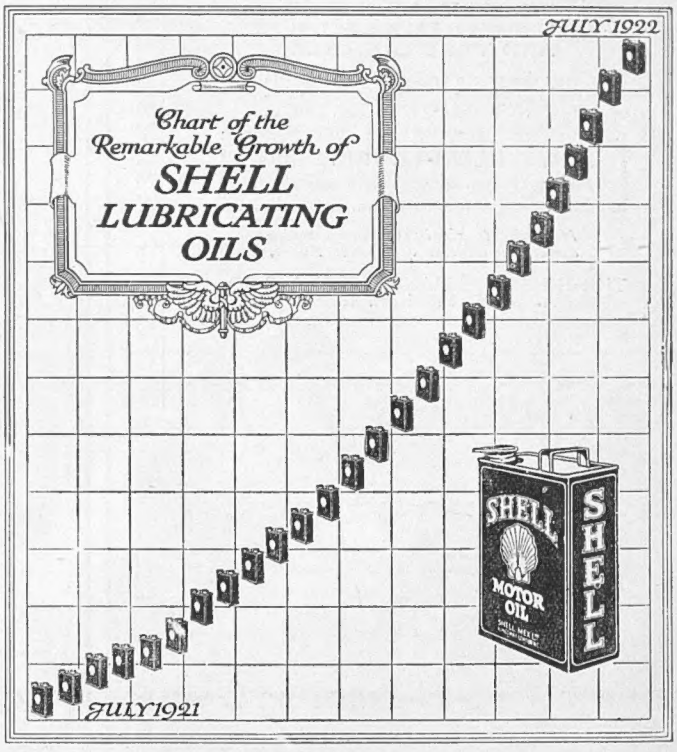
No lubricating oil has ever made such rapid strides in public favour as have "Shell" Motor Lubricating Oils since they were placed upon sale a year ago.

Have YOU tried them?

You will find them the same quality as "Shell" Spirit—THE BEST. Shell Lubricating Oils maintain perfect lubrication at all engine speeds, and *reduce your repair bills.*

A Grade for every Motor Engine. In quart, half-gallon, and gallon cans; 5-gallon drums and barrels.

SHELL
MOTOR LUBRICATING
OIL




SHELL - MEX, Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

The Bystander, August 30, 1922 No. 978. Vol. LXXV.

# The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

## THE TUG OF PEACE

(*Thank goodness, the rope is a stout one!*—EDITOR)

## *ENTERTAINMENTS.*

**COLISEUM.** (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45
VIOLET VANBRUGH & CO. in "The Difference," WISH WYNNE, W. H. SQUIRE, LILY FAIRNEY & AURIOL JONES, ERNEST HASTINGS, MADELINE COLLINS, THE ELLIOTT SAVONAS, Gaston Palmer, Etc.

**ADELPHI,** (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

**DALY'S.** (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Ivy Tresmand, Alec Fraser.

**DUKE OF YORK'S** ('Phone Ger. 313.)
Every Evening at 8.30. Matinées, Tues. & Thurs. at 2.30.
"THE BROKEN WING."
Unanimous Press Verdict—"A SUCCESS."

**GLOBE.** (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR. Last 6 Perfs.
Evgs. 8.30. Archie Naish and a piano, followed at 9 by
Irene Vanbrugh in "BELINDA."
Matinées, Wednesday and Thursday at 2.30.

**LYRIC.** Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Derek Oldham, Winnie Melville, Mai Bacon.

**ST. JAMES'S.** Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE BAT.
ARTHUR WONTNER. EVA MOORE.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.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Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
*B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3*

**THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).**
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
*Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.*
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
*Bankers:*—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
*Secretary:*—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C. B. E.

**£1**
will provide for a fortnight's holiday in the Country for a poor slum kiddie.
**THOUSANDS**
of ailing and necessitous London children are in need of a change.
The Children's Country Holiday Fund are hoping to send 20,000 away this year, but many, many more
**ARE WANTING TO GO.**
Will you make your own holiday the brighter, the better, by sending something to the EARL OF ARRAN, 18, Buckingham St., Strand, London.

**WELSH MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD DOGS.**
Fine specimens and very intelligent. Splendidly trained as House Protectors, Ladies' Guards and Companions.
**Price from 8 Guineas. Pups 4 Guineas.**
**THOS. WAINE,**
GWASTADFAES, WAENFAWR, CARNARVON, N. WALES.

*SMART FUR-TRIMMED COATS IN PILOTINE CLOTH*

The material from which these coats are made closely resembles Astrachan Fur in appearance. It is very light in weight, but cosy and warm, and the whole effect is exceedingly smart and attractive. These coats are exclusive in design, thoroughly well cut and finished, and are trimmed with various furs.

SMART SHORT COAT in Persian Lamb cloth, becomingly cut with wide sleeves and finished with large roll collar of selected fur. In Black, Light Brown, Fawn, Mole, Navy and Nigger.

PRICE
**11½ Gns.**

FURS AT SUMMER PRICES.
Until the end of September all Furs will be marked at Special Summer Prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand at once. The New Winter Models are now in stock and can be copied.

**Debenham & Freebody**
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

MACDONALD, GREENLEES & WILLIAMS (DISTILLERS), Ltd.
*Leith, London and Aberdeen.*

**THE GRAPHIC**
The Issue of September 2 contains—
More Striking Exclusive Everest Pictures
St. Partridge Day
The Whaling Season in the Antarctic
1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

### Too Fat to Fly

I AM *so* relieved to learn why the pigeons are always hanging around the steps of St. Paul's. Not because they are hungry, but because they are too fat to fly away. That's why the hippopotamus stops at the Zoo—because he is too fat to fly away.

### Another Problem

AND here is another animal problem. The Germans have extended the thyroid rejuvenation business to horses. What will happen if Tishy suddenly pops up as a three-year-old and wins the Derby? Will the Stewards proceed against its popular owner for doping it? And, if this happens, will human beings be proceeded against when they try to shed a couple of decades? I give it up.

### Pep and Punch

FOLLOWING my appeal last week for a little more pep in modern drama, Robert Evett comes out with some sound common-sense on the same subject. And he has put his theories into practice by producing a play (for further particulars see the Gaiety posters) which is said to be as full of punch as a ripe plum is full of wasps. When Evett definitely dons the mantle of the late George Edwardes by producing *The Last Waltz*, it will be found that he has rendered us yet another service, in reviving the sort of tuneful melody that took the town by storm in those golden days when "the Guv'nor" ruled in the musical comedy world.

### "The Last Waltz"

SENTIMENT has been strangely absent from our ballrooms of late years. Nowadays, you don't dance with a girl because you love her, but because her step fits yours. However, a change is coming, and very soon, to the accompaniment of soft music and shaded lights, we shall all be humming this refrain:

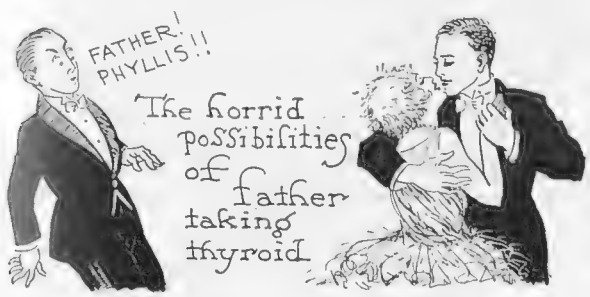
If this should be the last waltz,
If dawn must break too soon;
Just hold me to your heart, dear,
And Love shall call the tune.
When dreams of joy are ended,
Our tears are all in vain,
So let us dance together
This last sweet waltz again.

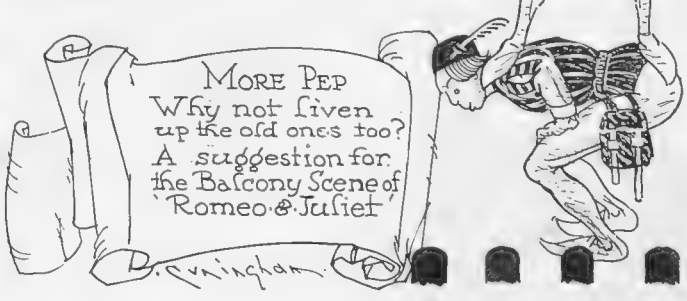
### The Home of Jefferies

HOW many people know the wonderful nature studies of Richard Jefferies nowadays? I see that his old home near Swindon has just changed hands. Which reminds me! Reading one of his beautiful essays I felt, although no names were mentioned, that I could find my way to the exact spot—guided only by the wonderful descriptive powers of the writer. For hours I scoured the countryside—getting warmer every minute, in every sense of the term—until, suddenly, I came across a small farmhouse bearing a marble plate, on which was the inscription, "Richard Jefferies Born Here." That was the house which has just been sold, with twelve acres of pasture ground, for £2,000. I hope the new owner appreciates his good fortune.

### Too Bad!

IS there no power on earth to stop legal bigwigs from dogmatising on our supposed failings? The Liverpool Stipendiary lays it down as an axiom that "if all wives ran away from their husbands when they had been extravagant there would not be



*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

many left at home." I am not quite clear which party, husband or wife, is being libelled, but I am very cross about it, anyway!

### Old Tales Come True

THE prevailing belief in Tibet that the Everest climbers lost their lives because the mountain goddess would not permit them to invade her sanctuary makes quite a lot of our story books come true. It should be worth thousands of pounds in royalties to Rider Haggard—now a Justice of the Peace in his native county of Norfolk. Certainly, it has prompted me to take *Kim* from the shelf and to read it for the umpteenth time—with a new angle of vision, and, if possible, a greater appreciation than ever before.

By Victor Hicks

WHAT WILL THE REBEL DO NOW, POOR THING!

### Talking of Tibet—

I DON'T know if Rudyard Kipling reads his Press cuttings, but, if he does, this is an excellent opportunity for me to tell him that it is my great ambition to meet him in the flesh before he or I pass into that other country—stranger even than the mysterious land of which he writes with so complete an understanding. Why are our great literary men so terribly aloof? I see it suggested that Barrie approaches his house in Adelphi Terrace by a secret door hidden cunningly in the arches upon which it is built. It would be a wonderful inspiration to our young writers to meet these splendid giants of their craft. Come, gentlemen——!

### Getting a Move On

THE Goodwin Sands have been showing their head above water, and hundreds of holiday-makers have been exploring this treacherous spot. I am reminded of a small harbour which was very badly conducted, the trustees allowing the bar to silt up until it became almost impassable for small craft. At length, the local yachtsmen lost patience, and it was decided to take unusual action. A cricket match was played on the bar, and a photograph was sent to the authorities. After that there was no trouble.

### Meant Sarcastic!

WONDERFUL how far a little sarcasm will go. A horse-dealing friend of mine had an animal turned down by the local vet., and lost a sale in consequence. Renaming his horse "Thompson's Mistake" the dealer raced it in public, and carried everything before him—to the extraordinary annoyance of that particular veterinary surgeon!

By D. L. Ghilchik

SPELLING REPARATIONS WITH A "P"

### Those Good Old Jokes

MOST of our good old jokes seem to be going west. Modern progress is to blame in most cases. The suggestion that pigs might fly sent many a suburban home into convulsions, until, one fine morning, an airman with a sense of humour took his porcine pal for a trip in the high heavens. Another good joke had to do with the man who lost his collar stud. You remember the witty rejoinder: "That's nothing—I lost a train this morning! Ha! Ha!" And now, thieves having stolen a fourteen-seater charabanc, will probably follow it up by stealing a train—thus spoiling a more or less excellent jest:

> We used to think it rather bright
> To say, "I lost a train last night."
> But soon a driver may explain
> That he has really lost his train.
> In such wise, it must be confessed,
> Some splendid japes are going west.

### On "Owning Up"

WITH one recent exception, the modern murderer seldom, if ever, confesses to his crime. This curious fact raises

an interesting psychological problem. Does one criminal follow blindly the lead of another criminal, or does he respond to an instinct recently ingrained into human nature? Are we, lesser criminals, less prone to make a clean breast of it, when we are caught napping? An observant schoolmaster could probably answer the question. You, sir! What is *your* opinion?

### Cricket Qualifications

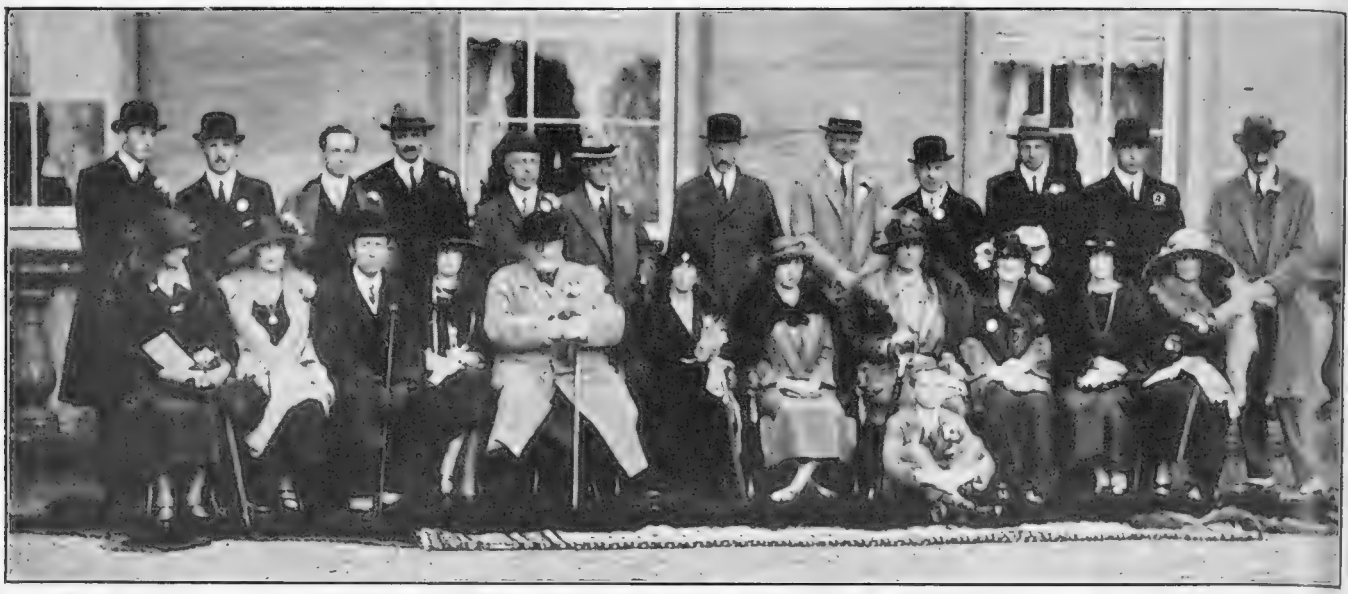
THE introduction of the football professional element into the cricket world, by way of the northern leagues, is not having the happiest results. A friend tells me that the engagement of McDonald, the Australian, by the Nelson Club has brought matters to a head, but the trouble became acute when a prominent sportsman arranged for Rochdale to acquire the services of Cecil Parkin at a record fee. Indeed, I understand that the club was given an entirely free hand in the matter of this particular transfer. At the other end of the scale—in county cricket—we have the very strict dealings with Jeacocke, the Surrey player, who stepped over the borders of Kent to look for a house, and so lost his qualification.

By E. T. Reed

**THE "CARNIVAL" EPIDEMIC AT THE SEASIDE**
Provides yet another outlet for that innate passion for pageant and fancy dress which is so deeply implanted in the British breast

### Royal Relics

DURING their visit to Moy Hall, Inverness-shire, as the guests of The Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh, the King and Queen have had the opportunity of inspecting a number of very interesting relics of bygone times. As described by Mr. Edward Fraser in this week's *Graphic*, these relics include a sword presented before the Norman Conquest by Pope Leo IX to the then chief of the clan; a two-handed sword which, according to tradition, was used in the famous clan duel on the North Inch of Perth in 1396; the sword which was worn by "Bonnie Dundee" at the Battle of Killiecrankie; and a bonnet which belonged to Prince Charlie, who stayed at Moy Hall for a few days in February, 1746.



*Photograph]* THE LONDONDERRY HOUSE PARTY FOR THE STOCKTON MEETING *[Central News*

**The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry had a large house party for the popular Stockton meeting at their Durham seat, Wynyard Park. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Lord Lascelles were the guests of honour. Seated in front are: Mrs. Allfrey, Mrs. Lambton, Lord Londonderry, Viscount Chaplin, Lady Londonderry, Princess Mary, Countess of Ilchester, Lady Maureen Stanley and Lady Mary Fox-Strangways. Standing: Viscount Castlereagh and Viscount Lascelles. Also included are Lord Stavordale, Hon. John Fox-Strangways, Hon. Oliver Stanley, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Ivor Churchill, Lady Nunburnholme, Hon. George Lambton, Sir Hill Child, Major H. Milner, Mr. C. Boyd Rochfort, Mr. Tattersall and Mr. J. C. Layton**

# WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

## Moy Hall

Moy Hall, near Inverness, where the King and Queen have been staying with The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, is not the original home of the chief of Clan Chattan. That was burnt down in 1830, and the present lordly dwelling, with its one hundred and sixty foot-long frontage, was built upon its site. It is one of the finest houses in Scotland, a fit dwelling for the chieftain of a great clan.

The Mackintoshes had a curious connection with the rising of 1745, when the Highlanders, almost to a man, took up arms for "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The Mackintosh of that day and his brother-in-law, a Farquharson of Invercauld, took the Hanoverian side, but, whilst they were away fighting, the Mackintosh's wife raised her husband's clan for the Young Pretender, and, what is more, actually sheltered him when he was hotly pursued. The Prince slept in the old house before the Battle of Culloden, and his bed is still carefully preserved.

This Mackintosh lady was evidently a most determined person. One wonders what were her relations with her husband after the Rebellion was over. She had raised his clan for the Jacobites—and very effectively — directly his back was turned.

Some of the old Scottish dames were tremendous personages. One of the tapestries at Moy perpetuates the vindictiveness of which they were capable. When Mary Queen of Scots was a child the powerful Earl of Huntly and the Protector Moray determined on the destruction of the Mackintoshes root and branch. Lord Huntly condemned the Mackintosh to death. Hoping to save himself and his clan by submission, the Mackintosh chieftain went to the Countess of Huntly, her husband having gone to France, thinking to make peace through her. The story goes that he found her in her kitchen, and that she said to him, "Mackintosh, you have offended the Gordon so deeply that Huntly has sworn by his father's soul that he will never pardon you until he has brought your head to the block."

A kitchen block, used in those days for cutting up ox and sheep carcases, was close by. Thinking that the act of submission would satisfy the Countess, the Mackintosh laid his head upon it, saying, "I will stoop even to that." The doughty lady immediately seized the cook's chopper, and with one mighty stroke cut off the Mackintosh's head.

One is not surprised they don't have inquests in Scotland. When one reads the old stories of the clan feuds one wonders there were any survivors at all.

At Castle Leod, the old home of Clan Mackenzie, you can still see the stone gullies down which boiling lead used to be poured on undesired visitors, and the narrow turret stairs built purposely so that only one person could mount them at a time and be run through at the top if he was an unwelcome caller. Your neighbours were your greatest peril in the old days in Scotland. The War brought a great tragedy to beautiful Moy Hall. A year after his marriage to Lady Maud Cavendish,

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

A STOCKTON SNAPSHOT

**Sir Smith Hill Child, M.P., with Lady Maureen Stanley. Both were members of Lady Londonderry's house party, as well as the Hon. Oliver Stanley, who married Lady Maureen, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, in 1920**

*Photograph* *Central News*

**THE KING IN SCOTLAND**

**His Majesty chatting with ex-service men employed at the Aberlour Orphanage, which he visited with the Queen on the way to Moy Hall last week, where their Majesties spent several days with The Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh. His Majesty secured some good shooting, a bag of over 600 falling to the guns in one day**

the eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, Captain Angus Macdonald —The Mackintosh's only son—died from the exposure and hardship of his service in France. The daughter of the marriage was born after his death, and there is no direct male heir to the home and chieftainship of Clan Chattan.

*Photograph* *Bassano*

**THE HON. URSULA BATHURST**

**A new portrait of the Hon. Ursula Bathurst, only daughter of Lord Bledisloe, who is the son of the late Charles Bathurst, of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire. She has two brothers, the Hon. Benjamin Ludlow, born October 2, 1899, and the Hon. Henry Charles Hiley, born 1904**

**H.R.H. PRINCESS IFFET HASSAN**

**Who is a cousin of the King of Egypt, photographed in an ancient Egyptian costume. This was taken at her palace on the shores of the Bosphorus, where she lives during the greater part of the year**

### Lord Rosebery

LORD ROSEBERY, to me, has always been a tragic figure. Life has given him everything, yet left him with so little. The gods showered their richest gifts upon him. First, they gave him a keen brain, a rare perception, and acute intellectuality. At twenty-one he succeeded to his grandfather's Earldom. Ten years later he married Hannah, the heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, one of the wealthiest women in England. That was in 1878. It was a marriage which startled Society of that day, but it brought Lord Rosebery princely Mentmore, which he has just made over to his elder son, Lord Dalmeny, and great riches.

At forty-six he was Prime Minister, and he won the Derby with Ladas. No man ever made so double an appeal to popularity. Yet Lord Rosebery has never been a "popular" figure. Looking back upon his brilliant career it seems as if each time the highest prize was in his hands he had grown suddenly weary, and let it slip from his grasp. The petty cares and claims of the Premiership wore down his patience quickly. His intellectuality made him too philosophic to bear the brunt, the squabbles and internecine battle of party. But the mental equipment that made him fret under party exigencies made him the best and most brilliant Foreign Minister we have had for generations. He was not a politician. He was a statesman. That, perhaps, is the secret of his sudden relinquishing of the Premiership.

### The Duchess and the Donkey

SPEAKING of Lord Rosebery's brief period as Premier, reminds me of an amusing episode in Egypt. His mother, who, as Lady Wilhelmina

Stanhope, had been one of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids, married *en secondes noces* the last Duke of Cleveland. She was a most vigorous and interesting old lady, very fond of travelling, and very much *une grande dame de par le monde*. Whilst Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister the Duchess of Cleveland went to Cairo. Following the usual custom of tourists she went about sight-seeing on a donkey. But to her immense astonishment—and indignation, very directly expressed—her sight-seeing led to a diplomatic "representation."

In Egypt only the women of the poorer classes ride upon donkeys. It was pointed out, therefore, that the spectacle of the mother of the Prime Minister of England wandering about the streets perched on the back of a donkey was having a bad effect on native opinion: it was lowering British prestige.

So the Duchess had to give up her donkey-rides, but they used to say in Egypt that she shook the dust of Cairo off her feet immediately and went up the Nile and rode a camel!

## "Merely a Phenomenon"

INSOMNIA has haunted Lord Rosebery all his life. In old days when he was at Dalmeny, near Edinburgh, he used to go for the night to a small castle near by, Barnbogle, after driving most of the evening through the woods. It was a curious arrangement.

After dinner a victoria, drawn by two horses and driven by a postillion, came to the door, and Lord Rosebery set out for his evening drive, generally returning just as the ladies of the party were going to bed. Then, after an hour or so in the smoking-room, he drove in a one-horse brougham to Barnbogle.

*Photograph* *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

**WIFE OF THE PRINCE'S EQUERRY**

**The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh, the beautiful wife of Captain the Hon. Piers Legh of the Grenadier Guards and equerry to the Prince of Wales. He is the younger son of Baron Newton. Mrs. Piers Legh is the daughter of the late Judge Bradford of Nashville, Tennessee, and widow of Captain the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy**

I think I have told you this story before, but it bears repetition, as it shows the turn of Lord Rosebery's mind. Mr. Winston Churchill was staying once at Dalmeny. In the afternoon the party went down to Barnbogle, which is on the shore.

"How curious!" said Mr. Churchill. "These rocks were all bare this morning. Now they are covered with water."

"It is merely a phenomenon of Nature, my dear Winston," said Lord Rosebery, "which has occurred regularly twice a day ever since you were born. It is called the tide."

## A Note from Marienbad

I HEAR that Marienbad has not been up to last year's mark in the matter of weather, but, nevertheless, the British contingent has increased very much. On the Kur Promenade, the golf links, the tennis courts, you hear English at every turn, and run into unmistakably British milords and miladys in the lovely pine forests during the intervals of the cure.

Lady Massareene, looking very pretty and fresh, spends her time between tennis-playing and dancing at the Esplanade in charming Viennese frocks and big mushroom hats. The Tea Terrace there forms an impromptu ball-room in an ideal setting. Lady Ribblesdale is also an inveterate dancer. Her compatriot, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, has also been doing a cure.

Among others busily engaged drinking waters are Lord and Lady Newton, Mrs. Arthur James, Mr. Knoblauch,

*Photograph]* **LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S HOUSE PARTY** *[Topical*

**A group, taken on the Mannock Moors, which includes Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Woolavington and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. McDonald and Mr. McDonald, Mr. R. G. Heaton, Mr. Hern, Mr. P. M. Evans, Mr. J. B. Wallace, and Mr. W. Harrison**

*Photograph* *L. N. A.*

**A PARISIAN WEDDING**

**Mr. Lionel Abel Smith, a nephew of Lord Knutsford, with his bride, Miss Monica Ross, after their marriage at the British Embassy Church in Paris. Many well-known people were at the wedding and the reception held afterwards**

Lord and Lady Carson, the former immaculate, even at cockcrow, at the Kreuzbrunn, in a pale grey suit and pale grey hat, with a wide black band. Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P., and his wife are also taking a brief respite from affairs of Ulster. Colonel and Mrs. Charles Stanton, Mrs. Vivian, Countess Keroman are usually to be seen at the golf-house in the afternoon, where the caretaker provides a good tea and is renowned for her cherry cake. The King and Queen of Serbia have arrived at the Weimar, and there are princesses galore. An American lady was overheard to say recently, with pride, that she was sitting at a table with six princesses. So evidently the place is enjoying almost as distinguished a *clientèle* as when King Edward was its bright particular star.

## GOSSIP *from* DEAUVILLE

In spite of all omens to the contrary, and perhaps because everybody had given up hope, Deauville has had a fine week-end, the very first of the season, which happened, fortunately, to coincide with the Grand Handicap de Deauville, the most important event before the Grand Prix. The King of Spain turned up, as he always does to any event of importance. He is said to have remarked that Deauville is no place for Royalties who want a peaceful rest and change. What with constant presentations and the general populace always wanting to have a peep, there is very little opportunity for a quiet chat with friends, and anything of an *incognito* is, of course, a perfect farce.

Numbers of English people at the races, of course. Lady Diana Duff Cooper, looking as pretty as ever, was with her husband. Lady Victoria Bullock came to see Lord Derby's horse run; he did not get a place, though, much to the general disappointment. Sir Anthony Welldon was there, Viscount Peel, the Hon. Lionel Montague, Lord and Lady Rocksavage, Lady Drogheda with her small son, lovely Julia James—didn't she marry one of the Hennessy family?—Mrs. Raymond Parr, the Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven, who are staying

**AT DEAUVILLE**

**Mr. and Mrs. Barret Crockett on the polo ground at Deauville, where the King of Spain has been getting in some good games**

with Earl and Lady Fitzwilliam on board their yacht, *Shemara*—they were cocktailing with the King of Spain earlier in the day at the Potinière—Lady Sarah Wilson, who is staying with Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece, who have been joined by the Queen Mother of Greece for a few days, the eldest Kapurthala prince, the Rajah of Pudukota, the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Guinness, Mr. Ralph Lambton, Major Ralph Peto, Colonel Freddy Cripps, Lord Castleross, and many others.

At last there was an opportunity for the women to show their frocks, though Deauville is not the fashion show it used to be; but the great feature this year is the complexions, the fair ones having bathed themselves in henna, as the sun has not done his duty in providing them with that healthy brown that is considered an essential to a Deauville visit. But henna is more easily got rid of at the end of the season when they want to be fair and white again, and it looks very striking with the lacquer-red cheeks and lips, though some think the effect rather suggestive of a touch of the tar.

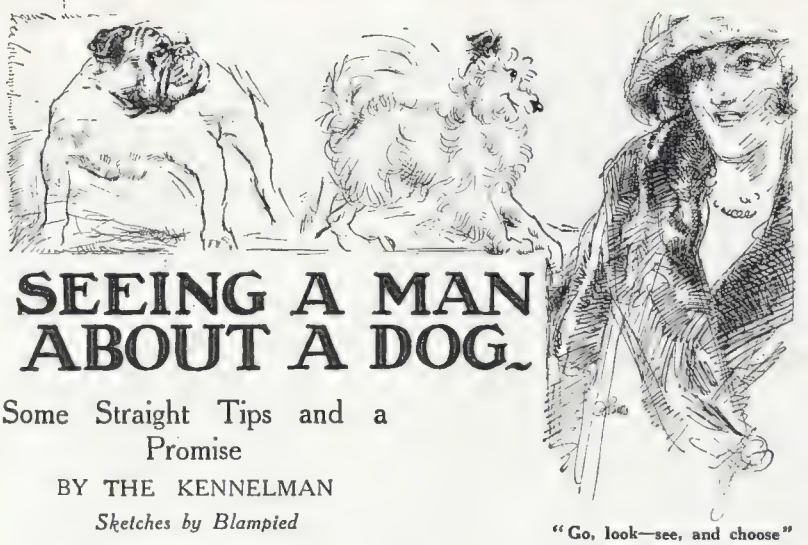
Polo is still *the* game. The King of Spain played substitute for his friend, the Marquis San Miguel, who took a toss and hurt his hand rather badly in the final for the Arthur Capel cup presented by Lady Michelham. The King played again the following day with the Madrid team, composed of Comte de la Maza, Marquis de Villabragima, and the Duke of Penaranda, against the Bagatelle team with the Hon. Ralph Lambton, General Fitzgerald, M. Bamberger, and M. de Montbrison. The Madrid team was the stronger, and won by six goals to two after a fine swift game.

The Deauville season is now at its height, and the natives are living up to the fact. It is quite a common thing to be asked two hundred francs a night for an improvised bed in a bathroom in the hotels, and the villagers take their cue from this, and charge accordingly for the very modest accommodation that comprises a *chambre meublée*. PETETTE

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY**

**At Le Touquet, where there is a bright constellation of social and theatrical stars at this beautiful French resort midst the pines and dunes**



# SEEING A MAN ABOUT A DOG

## Some Straight Tips and a Promise

BY THE KENNELMAN

*Sketches by Blampied*

"Go, look—see, and choose"

It may be unsporting to brag, especially in the "I told you so!" vein; but it *is* rather gratifying to the Kennelman to gaze upon the imposing pile of letters—such a lot with crests on 'em, too!—that have come from readers of THE BYSTANDER, on last week's first instalment of Dog talk.

I'm just a bit sorry to find five separate letters demanding cures—lotions, etc.—for Dogs who persistently scratch. Advertisements will tell you about the lotions. All I can tell you is that, nine times out of ten, a Dog's persistent scratching is not a disease at all, but a symptom—of something wrong with the Dog's owner, and as pretty sure evidence of something wrong in the Dog's dietary, daily life, or accommodation; probably dietary. Try cutting out *all* starch for a while; give nothing but *lean* flesh (preferably raw), a little well-cooked onion, minced, each day, and a taste of flour of sulphur. Be particular about *fresh*, cold water supply, airy (not draughty, or cold, or damp) sleeping quarters, and plenty of exercise. No more than two meals daily, one light and one substantial, for any grown Dog; and never a crumb *between* meals.

BETWEEN ourselves, you know (tho' it may be a bit rough on the doctors, and the kennelmen, to say so) prevention is so very much better than cure that if Dogs are rationally and scrupulously cared for, it's the rarest thing for them to need medicines of any kind. The foundation of good care is right feeding; the foundation of right feeding is lean meat; the Dog being very emphatically carnivorous, with a digestive apparatus about as different from that of the bovines as yours is from a cassowary's. "Dogs can eat anything!" H'm! But they can't thrive on just anything. Did you

"A symptom of something wrong with the Dog's owner"

ever hunt jackal? Quite good sport for a bobbery pack. Surprising how many of the jackals are mangy, verminous, miserably diseased beasts. The "Follow Nature" gospel won't wash; not with folk who know anything about Nature and her little ways. Good breeding, where Dogs are concerned, means the outcome of successive generations of wise and generous feeding and care; in conjunction, of course, with judicious mating. When you feed Dogs wrongly, or *anyhow*, you are just undoing the breeding; that's all.

But it's criminal of me to touch this inexhaustible branch of the subject, to-day, when I'm pledged to "a few words" about Choosing a Dog.

THE sober truth is that's another "inexhaustible branch." *Imprimis*, get pencil and paper, and jot down, in their order of relative importance to you, what you want a Dog *for*; what the limitations of your life are, as affecting the Dog to come; what breeds you like best and can do most justice to; chosen sex, age, etc. Work it all out on paper. Having settled all these so vital points, the rest should depend on the extent of your practical knowledge. If that is pretty complete, well and good. Answer advertisements in the doggy papers; go, look—see, and choose. If you're not quite sure about your own knowledge of the breed, get an experienced friend to judge for you. If you haven't such a friend, look up the list of Dog Clubs (and points) in the appendices of "Everybody's Dog Book"; write the Secretary of the chief club in your chosen breed; ask for scale of points, and names of dependable breeders. You'll find real fanciers the most obligingly helpful people in the world.

DON'T rush it. The Quest of the Golden Dog beats the pleasure hunt hollow, for sheer interest.

DON'T buy the pup that doesn't appeal, in place of the one that does, for the sake of saving a guinea—or two. Spread over a canine pal's life-time, a guinea—or two—doesn't cut much ice.

DON'T be too ready to scout your own instincts and judgment. Better faulty points in a beloved one, than perfect points in—in a chap you don't feel drawn towards.

The best place in which to choose a Dog is his home; especially if he was reared in it. They are very much the products of environment, which, of course, includes dietary and regime, and the human personalities about them—vastly important, that last point. In their early character development, Dogs are uncannily responsive to it.

And all the rest must wait. But the last of those letters (including the two post-cards) shall be answered this week—on the sacred word of a kennelman they shall!

*FROM THE DRY POINT BY JEAN HARDY*

THE FAVOURITE

*Photograph* *Central News*

## THE MISSES CHINTZ ON THE SOLENT

A smiling snapshot of three charming members of the well-known Cretonne family who are so universally popular. Seaview this year is as crowded as Deauville, and if it has been denied the patronage of Royalty, it has at least been blessed by the much appreciated smile of King Sol

# THE LIMPET

AT THE KINGSWAY

BY "JINGLE"

*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

STANLEY TURNBULL AS PERCY SHEEPWELL

ONE version of the story was that Mr. Edward Devson, while bathing in the sea, got into difficulties and would have been drowned if Mr. Percy Sheepwell, who happened to be near, had not courageously swum out and saved Mr. Devson's life at the risk of his own. Another version of the story, favoured by less credulous spectators, was that all that Mr. Sheepwell did was to give Mr. Devson a hand and lead him into shallow water, as one bather is only too pleased to do for another at any time, without expecting life-long gratitude or free meals in return. In the excitement of the moment, however, Mr. Devson begged that Mr. Sheepwell would do him the honour to be the guest of the Devson home for a little while. Mr. Sheepwell accepted the invitation readily, and came and saw and—stuck. He is, in short, the Limpet of the piece.

AT the opening of the play Mr. Sheepwell has been a Limpet for about two months, and is thriving on the experience. He shows no signs of being about to take his departure, and no one seems to have the courage to speak the few plain, homely truths that would dislodge him precipitately and permanently. He has, apparently, taken root in the place, and, in the language of the garden, is even throwing out suckers. He calls Mr. Edward Devson "Teddy," and begs that the family will call him "Perce" in return, just to show that he is quite willing to recognise them as social equals. If the truth must be told (and so rare a feat should be refreshing in these days) Mr. Sheepwell is not at all a nice man. He is a bloated person of immense bulk, and looks as if he must cost as much to feed as any two ordinary persons. If the details prepared for the breakfast table are not to his liking, he calmly rings for the butler and gives his orders. Whenever he passes the cigars and the cigarettes on the smoking-table, he fills his pockets liberally, and frankly admits to his host that he finds the smokes jolly good. The family meet and form all sorts of little plots and conspiracies for getting the man off the premises; but at the end they come back to the incontrovertible position that he saved Mr. Devson's life, and, therefore, should remain an honoured guest until he decides to move on. But the pachyderm cannot thin down his skin any more than the domino can change its spots.

ONE morning the family are startled to hear the toot of a motor-horn. On looking out of window they are surprised to observe Mr. Sheepwell spinning down the carriage-drive in the Rolls-Royce of the establishment. For a little while a great joy seizes their hearts. The theory put forward is that Mr. Sheepwell has gone at last, and has merely taken the car with him as

SYBIL ARUNDALE AS MRS DEVSON

a keepsake, or something of that sort. Serious as the loss of the car may be, it is felt that the boon of Mr. Sheepwell's departure is cheap at the price. But just as they are getting used to the house without the everlasting presence of their unwelcome guest, he turns up again with the promptitude of the tax-collector. (And, as we all know in these days, even death itself is not more certain than the return of that official to the hall-door mat.) Mr. Sheepwell has not gone for good. On the contrary. He merely borrowed the car in order to go to the station to meet his charming daughter, Daphne, whom he has now the pleasure to introduce to the household as another more or less permanent guest. Such a sweet girl, too!

THE Limpet then goes from bad to worse. The very correct and dignified butler complains that Mr. Sheepwell has a habit of meeting him in the passages and slapping him on the shoulder, and calling him "Old Cock." Consequently, the butler feels he has no alternative but to give notice. Then the cook desires, as it were, to hand in her papers, Mr. Sheepwell having unwarrantably intruded into her kitchen and found fault with her kidneys—an allusion, of course, to her breakfast cookery. This is a generic joke usually associated with that concerning the butcher who is said to ask his lady customers to step inside and see his nice legs. I should, however, hardly have suspected that quips of the kind were considered suitable for West End audiences. Still, it has to be admitted that on the evening of my visit the house laughed wholeheartedly at the cook's trouble, and I can only assume, therefore, that the authors have a better knowledge than I of what the public want.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was a bit of a dramatist himself, alleged that the winter wind was less unkind than man's ingratitude. William should have been at the Kingsway Theatre the other night to see the Devson family being practically hounded out of house and home in their desire to prove grateful for a small service rendered. Of course, this is a farce, and the position of affairs is properly exaggerated to add to the humours of the piece. You don't have to believe that in real life some hint would not be given to a Limpet that if he would kindly go out and get run over everybody would be intensely relieved. The Devsons have to take the extreme course of shutting up their country house and spending the hot weather in London; but even this does not shake the Limpet off. They will want a caretaker for their place during their absence. The Limpet cheerfully offers himself for the job!

PHYLLIS SHANNAW AS DAPHNE
EDWARD COMBERMERE AS DICK

And so the fun goes on. Every scheme the family can devise is promptly countered in the cheeriest way by the Limpet himself, who is delightfully oblivious of the fact that he is very much in the way, and scorns the notion that his dear friends, the Devsons, would permit him to go even if he announced his intention of taking his leave. The humour of the situation is liberally exploited by the authors, and the result is a delightful evening's amusement. The dialogue of the piece is on a distinctly higher level than the average in such cases, being frequently salted with a very pretty wit.

THE merit of the play lies not so much in its droll plot, though this keeps the house merry all the time, as in the careful drawing of some of the characters. Miss Sybil Arundale is quite delightful as a lady who builds up visions of disaster on a false hypothesis of her own, and then blames her family for talking of such dreadful things. I have not quite the courage to affirm positively that the character is true to type, but I am very much obliged to the authors all the same. The dialogue for this part is very ably written, and Miss Arundale does not miss a word of the brilliant nonsense of it. Mr. Sheepwell's daughter, having been introduced into the household, is, naturally, invited to stay, and proves to be a young lady with a very nice sense of the proprieties. So much so, in fact, that she is one of the first to hint to her father that he is outstaying his welcome. Then the son of the house falls in love with her, and the consequence is a series of very dainty scenes played by Mr. Edward Combermere and Miss Phyllis Shannaw

CLIFFORD DESBORO AS PARKINS

with an exquisite grace and gentleness. Just what right a delicate comedy of love has to butt into the middle of a farcical comedy it is not for me to enquire. The only point about it to note is that it is an entirely charming excursion that is enthusiastically appreciated. I do not remember to have seen Miss Phyllis Shannaw before, but, then, I do not go to theatres very much. I am sure, however, that this young lady will be heard of a good deal in the future.

THE Limpet himself is played by Mr. Stanley Turnbull, who is the very incarnation of the impecunious ne'er-do-well. He is satisfied that his presence in the house is a joy to all its inmates, and he is never tired of explaining how his cheap jests help to brighten the lives of his host and hostess. Mr. Turnbull, as you might say, spreads himself over the part and handles it as if he loved it. There are times when you feel that it is, perhaps, a good thing that the family cannot get rid of him in a hurry, because his presence would be sadly missed by the audience, if by no one else. Mr. Edward Devson is played by Mr. Hubert Harben, who gives a good picture of the long-suffering country gentleman, restrained by his breeding from offering his visitor the few cold, blunt personalities that the situation distinctly calls for. Several times his family urge him to have a go at the Limpet, and, manners or no manners, kick him unceremoniously off the premises; but even after a whisky-and-soda, taken for the purpose of acquiring Dutch courage, he is unable to bring himself to such a sad breach of ordinary etiquette.

ANOTHER excellently drawn character is that of the butler, Parkins, who, like a true butler, is more or less of a gentleman himself. This part is played by Mr. Clifford Desboro, who is very amusing with his news of the latest delinquencies of the Limpet, and his detailed description of the objection of the housemaid to being chucked under the chin. Mr. Robert Minster plays with a nice reserve the very correct uncle of the house, and, indeed, the acting is in every way all that could be desired. I hope the farcical comedy will be a great success.

JINGLE

"Had too much food and couldn't sleep"

# An American Flapper in London

BY EDNA HUBER CHURCH

*Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND*

*By the Dawn's Early Light*

DEAREST EMILY JANE—

I DON'T know who discovered the hunger strike, but I am dead sure that it wasn't invented in England.

This is the eatingest land you ever did see. And thereby hangs a tale, for I was out again last night, and had too much food and couldn't sleep, and that's why I am up so early writing to you.

"Do the Oliver Twist act"

But, my heavens, girl, how these people can cook. Who could resist?

I have eaten my way around London, and let me whisper to you that eating in London is a pleasure, although it seems to me that the natives make a fetish of it.

First we start off with breakfast, and lawdy, lady, what a breakfast! The other morning they served me with three slices of cold boiled ham, and I thought I was at a picnic, because that is what we call picnic food in the homeland. If it isn't cold boiled ham, it's a chop or a steak. Imagine that, starting the day off with a nice light, little breakfast of mutton chops and French fried potatoes. At home, you know, my poor little tummy won't stand for much more than a glass of iced orange juice at breakfast time, but over here I take all that the waiter brings, and then do the Oliver Twist act. I guess it must be the atmosphere.

"At four o'clock the world stops—for tea"

Breakfast hasn't faded out of the picture before lunch-time is right upon your heels. And, I repeat, lawdy, lawdy, what lunches! No canary bird lunches like we have at home. No frappéd glaces and a little iced tea. By lunch-time, in England, you are supposed to be able to sit up and take wine, along with a slice off the joint, and a few green vegetables. Luncheon is a linger-longer meal. At home, we grab our lunch on the fly, here they take it sitting down, and take it in very slow cadence, too. No quick jazz music with your luncheon soup in London. If you must be musical with your soup select an oratorio. By three o'clock they begin to clear away the *débris* and prepare for tea, so that gives you about one hour to circulate a bit.

"I nearly shrieked when the Major asked me to have a little snack"

At four o'clock the world stops—for tea. Allow me to repeat, lawdy, lawdy, what teas! Bread and butter and jam, cakes and tarts, and heaven only knows what constitutes a tea. If you survive tea, then there is a real gap. Not until eight o'clock do you find food staring you in the face again. It's dinner this time, and for the last time, lawdy, lawdy, etc.

Well, my dear, you may think that's the end of a perfect day, but not so. After the theatre. Ah . . . how about just a little snack of supper. Honestly, Em, I nearly shrieked when the Major asked me to drop around at one of the clubs and have a little snack the other night. Do you know what a little snack is? Not much, just a bit of cold chicken, a salad, an ice, and some cakes, and perhaps a bottle of champagne.

"The prima-donna chef at the Strand Hotel"

Now, after all that, do you wonder I can't sleep this morning. You can't blame me though, Em., they do have wonderful food, and everybody who is in the business seems to know how to cook, from the *prima donna chef* at the Strand Hotel down to the hardworking perspiring cook in the little hole-in-wall restaurant up in Soho. They can do more wonderful things with food than you ever imagined. Honestly, I think they ought to let the English chefs enter in the Royal Academy, because I have seen more works of art on English tables than I have seen hanging on the art gallery walls. There, now, isn't that just like a crude, crass, material American?

I guess you are wondering about my waist-line. Well, I am worrying about it. One of three things has to happen; I have to stop eating, take some exercise or enjoy a spell of gout.

There goes the telephone. So much for now.

Your loving sister,

LOU.

P.S.—Well, I have fallen. The Major called and asked me out to lunch. What did I say? Poor fish that I am, I said, "Yes."

"I am worrying about my waist-line"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

## ROUND ABOUT A FRENCH PLAGE

# The Bois de Boulogne by Night

BY "ROLAND." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

"The sympathetic compagne"

MES AMIS—

THERE is the long time, I think, that one has not written to you of the *délices* of the Bois de Boulogne. *C'est bien du temps* that the omission should be remedied. Especially with the recollections of the added charms that one has been able to taste on the recent exceptional nights. One has the doubt if in all the world it should be possible to rival the *joies exquises* which are to be found on the evenings of the summer amid the peerless glades, by shimmering lake, or in the lamplit *jardins* of the *restaurants-palaces*.

RECENTLY has been the time when one has been most able to appreciate this *paradis* at the gates of Paris. In most of the summers all is hot and scorched before the months of holiday, the roads all unpleasant with the clouds of thick and heavy dust, and the leaves overlaid with an ugly coat of white. But this year, if the rain has spoiled the pleasures in the other directions, it has at least compensated by to keep the Bois as sweet and as fresh as in the early days of June.

ONE may sit beneath the trees to drink in deeply the rich scents of the rain-washed leaves and flowers, forgetting completely the summer odours of the capital, which seems to have been left hundreds of miles behind. Yes, yes, now is the time for you to accept the invitation to participate in the wonders of Paris, for there is the room to move freely about in the absence of the Parisians, and you shall not feel lonely with the company of so many of your compatriots, and your American cousins who have arrived already and have taken the Bois de Boulogne into their possession.

*LA langue anglaise* is preponderant in the Bois in these summer days and nights, and if it is spoken in the many and the weird variations, perhaps, it should be none the less pleasant for that. At the Château de Madrid I have found that it has nearly all the time had the *accent Americain*. The Château has been almost entirely taken into the possession of the Americans. That is because the Americans who come to Paris have all learned beforehand what is the thing to do. The Château has had the big boom.

"Dancing to the most jazzling of jazz bands"

NOT an American possessed of the consequence who would omit to have a champagne party at the Château de Madrid, any more than he would dare to come to Paris from London in any other way than by the aeroplane. America being the land of liberty, all the Americans have the liberty to do as they are told to do. One has made the search for the first American who has proclaimed what are the things which "are done." So far he has not been traced.

ACTUALLY there is not any reason why he should hide his light beneath a bushel because he has deserved well of his *patrie*, as one says in the Chamber of the Deputies. This pioneer has the instinct which does not err for the places where one has the good time. If at the many of them there is the necessity to possess the almighty American dollars, to make march the bottles of champagne *goût Americain*, that is not the matter to spoil a merry evening. Let us not forget that it would not be "the thing" to do if it should be cheap.

AND the question of price thus thrust scornfully aside—is it not that for a thousand francs one can become an Austrian millionaire?—it has to be admitted that all the joys which wealth can buy are readily accessible at the Château de Madrid, those of the table as well as those of the dance, with the most jazzling of jazz bands and dazzling exhibition dancers like Irene Castle.

But one does not want to say too much about the Château of Madrid for fear to create the impression that it is the only gay haunt of luxury in the Bois, and, personally, I have the quite as great affection for the Pro-Catalan and Armenonville, in the despite of the big boom. To sit on the terrace, amid the myriad reflections of the tiny, coloured lamps high up in the trees, with a bottle of choice *marque*, not *goût Americain*, from any of these respect-compelling cellars, with a delightful band to jolt into activity the sagging nerves, and conversation that seeks to rival the sparkle of the champagne—well, there does not seem much that is wrong with the world, at the least with that little world.

And if one does not wish to dance on the perfect "floors" beneath the trees, one can make the stroll down the cloistral *allées* with the sympathetic *compagne* and listen to the whispers—those, of course, which come from the rustle of the leaves; or one may make the long promenade and include a little boat trip on the lake, which can easily be imagined, by night, to be the lagoons of Venice. The boats flit to and fro almost as gracefully as gondolas, only visible one to another by the pretty coloured lantern which is carried, and disappear at will in the shadows of the island. Were it but for this vision alone the Bois would be worth the visit by night.

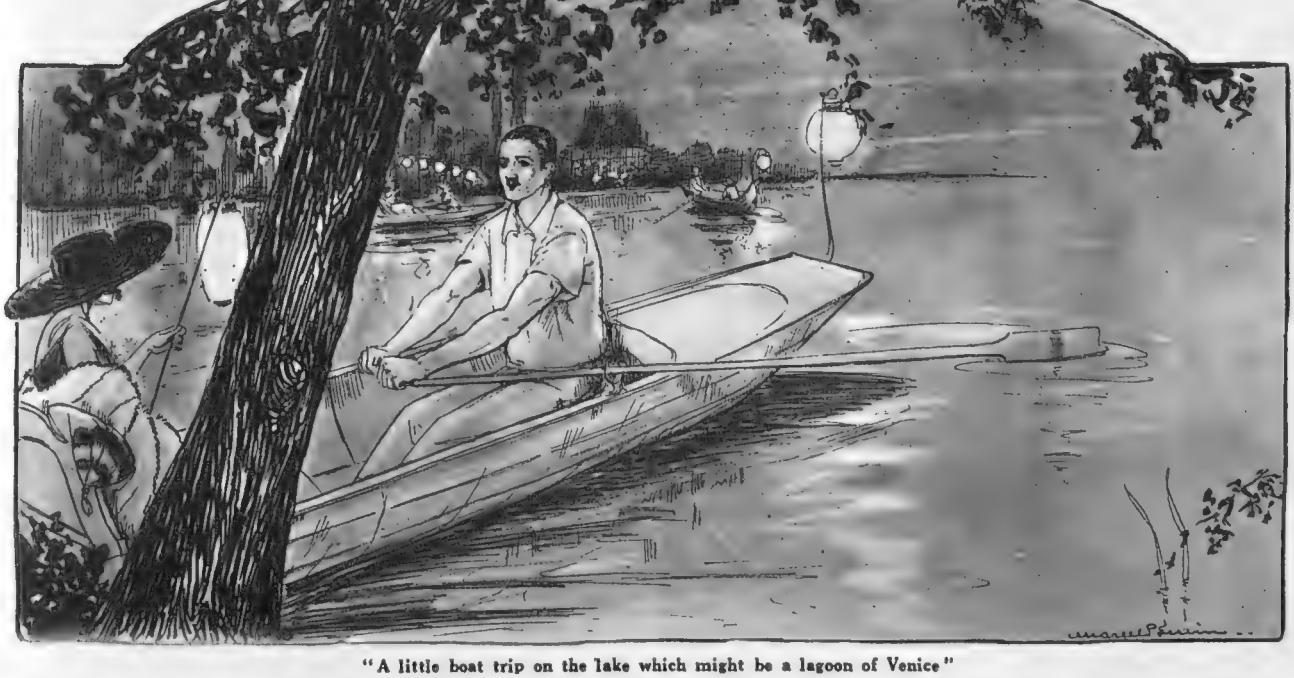
"On the terrace of the Pavillon Royal"

For those who do not wish the expense of the *restaurants-palaces* which have been mentioned, there is the less sumptuous Pavillon Royal, where one may presume to take the plebeian *bock* without to affect the dignity of the waiter. And for the price thereof one may step inside as soon as the band begins to play and dance just as pleasantly as elsewhere.

After this "the thing" to do, if one follows out the scheme mapped out for all good Americans (and the lead, one must say, is generally followed by the really enthusiastic merry-makers) is to make the joyous finish at the Acacias, just outside the Bois, which the brother of the dancer Maurice has made the most popular night resort of the capital.

Unless one is unable to stay the pace there is not any reason to leave the revels of the Acacias until five hours of the morning. There, moreover, you meet the people you have read about. And that is always a consideration. Let me, therefore, insist that if you think to make the excursion to Paris you do not omit the night-life of the Bois de Boulogne, and if you do not think to make it, that you decide at least to come over for the week-end. Paris just now is worth the while, although the boulevards are "up."

Roland



"A little boat trip on the lake which might be a lagoon of Venice"

# "Getting Cl

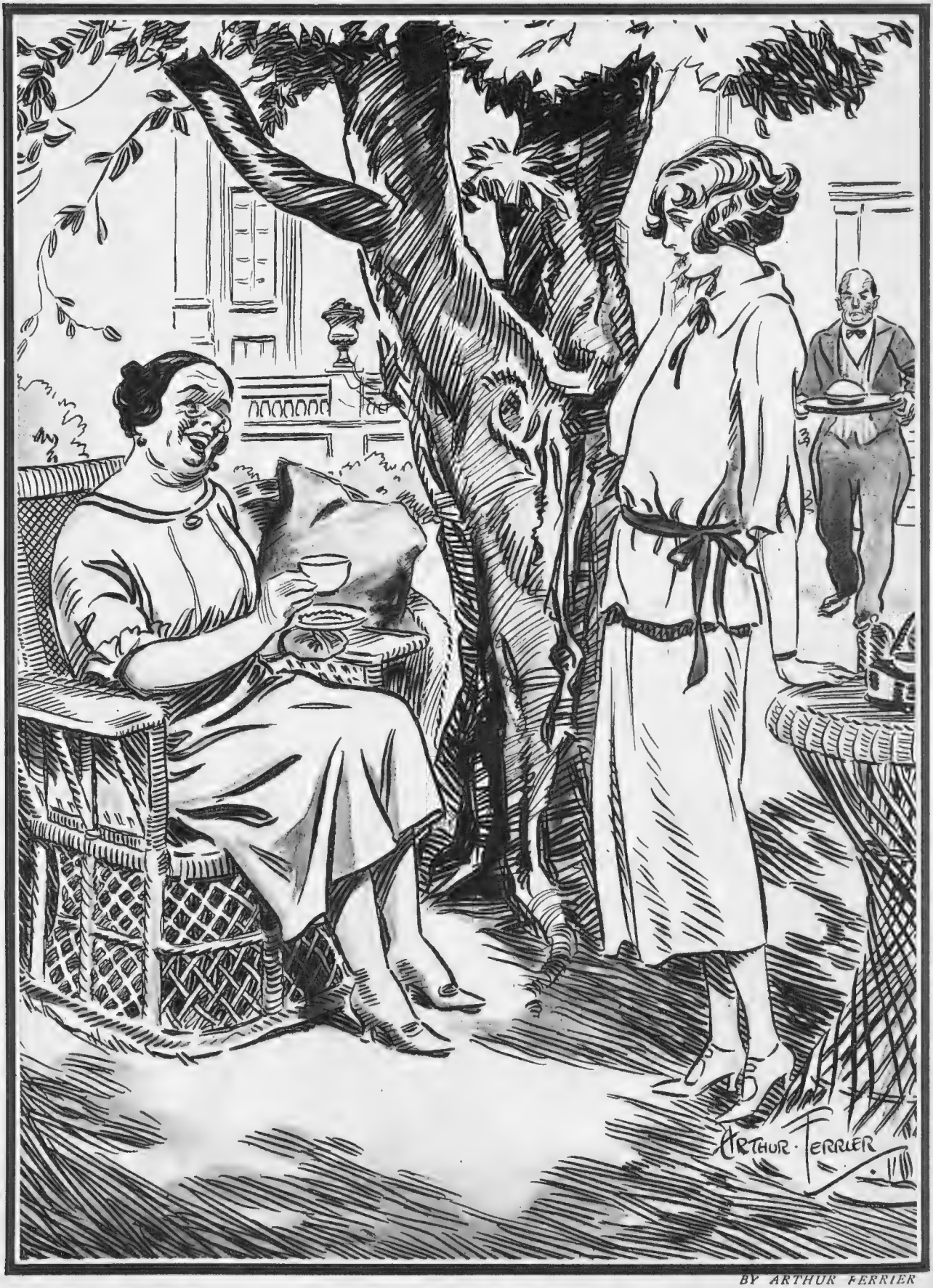
There is nothing like getting close to art. What is more elevating and instruct
Especially when it is po

# ose to Art"

BY WILMOT LUNT

ctive than spending a few quiet hours in the still recesses of a Public Gallery? oo cold to sit outdoors

# "A Wild, Wild Woman!"




BY ARTHUR FERRIER

TEA ON THE LAWN

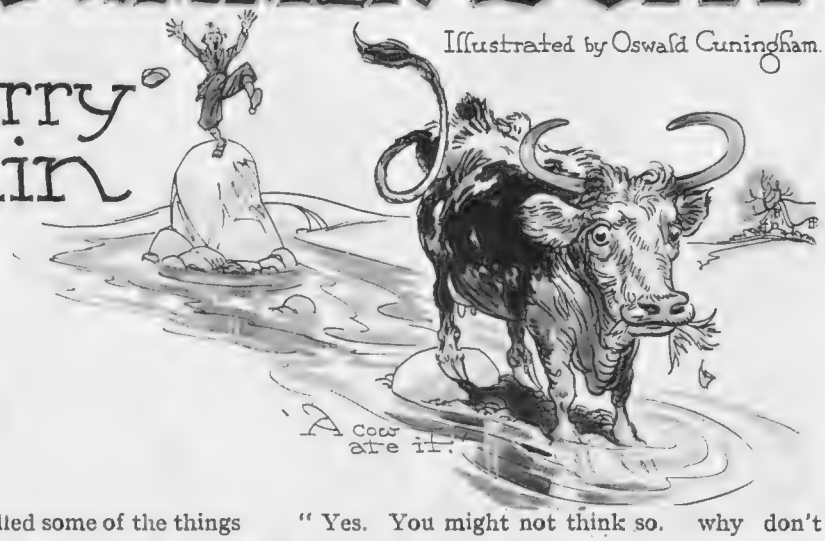
STOUT REVELLER: "You know, my dear, this sort of thing always rouses the gipsy vagabond in me!"

*A PARODY OF "IF WINTER COMES"*

# IF SUMMER DON'T

by Barry Pain

Illustrated by Oswald Cuningham.




HE recalled some of the things Jona had said to him in the toolshed. She had been rather frank in speaking of her husband.

"Bill's wonderful," she said. "He caught the tiger last night. When the keeper couldn't get it. He does everything well. He is the most fascinating man in the world—until you get used to him. I've got used to him. He fascinates all women. That would not matter so much, but nearly all women fascinate him. I pretend not to notice it. I think he does it partly to see how I will take it. I remain merry and bright. With a breaking heart, you understand. How much longer I shall be able to stand it, I do not know. Oh, my hands are so cold."

He had noticed a pair of the gardener's gloves lying on the lawn-mower. He handed them to her. She flung them away, a little petulantly it seemed to him.

He rose from the milestone and walked on. Certain words seemed to keep time with his footsteps. "She wants me to write to her. And I ought not. She wants me to write to her. And I ought not."

He passed the post-office, and turned back to it again. Went on, and again turned back. This time he entered with his mind all bemused.

"Have you any nice stamps?" he asked.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mabel looked very enraged as he entered the house. "Anything the matter?" he enquired.

"Yes. You might not think so. As I do, probably you wouldn't. But Ellen's got a new parasol, and Kate's got a swollen knee, and has got to have it up."

"And I suppose it will be just the same with Ellen's parasol. I suppose you wanted it the other way round—Dot to have the parasol and Ellen to have the——"

"I wanted nothing of the kind."

"I think," said Luke, "I must go and see it."

"Go and see Kate's knee? Don't be indelicate."

"No, I meant the parasol. I should imagine that Dot's knee has solely a pathological interest at present. But I did mean the parasol—I swear it. How did it come about?"

"Love of finery. Vanity. Passion for wasting her money."

"Oh, this time I meant the knee—not the parasol."

"Well, that was just absolute selfishness. All servants love to get swollen knees and chilblains, and chapped hands. They like to make a fuss about themselves. And to make their employer pay a substitute to do their work. They're all like that. It was just the same before I married. Yes, every housemaid I employ. Contracts these swollen kneeses. They only do it to annoy. Because they know it teases."

"But what are you going to do about it? Have you got medical advice? Do you think a nurse will be needed? When I had the measles the only things I fancied were——"

"Kate has not got measles. She's got a cold compress, and she's got the entire contents of the plate chest to clean. And when she's finished that, I'll find her something else. If she thinks she can't work sitting down, she will discover that she is mistaken."

"Wait a minute. I've got a joke. A real one this time. Dot with a swollen knee. We shall have to call her Dot-and-go-one. See? Well, why don't you laugh? I must go into the kitchen and tell them at once."

Mabel sighed deeply. There were simply no words for him. He was right away outside, beyond the limit. In a few minutes he came back again.

"It certainly does look very pink," he said.

"That's the effect of the cold compress. Though why on earth you should——"

"I didn't mean the knee, I meant the parasol. I'll swear I did."

"Well, whatever you meant, I wish you would keep out of the kitchen. I wish you wouldn't address the servants by nicknames. I wish you wouldn't be so abominable familiar with them."

"Familiar? Well, hang it all, when a poor girl's got a swollen knee, it's unfriendly not to show a little sympathy. It does no harm. I just chatted her on the peak——"

"You——?"

"As I said, I just patted her on the cheek, and asked her how she was getting on. No harm in that."

"And now perhaps you'll tell me what on earth I'm to do for a substitute. I don't know of a single girl in this neighbourhood who could come in and help."

"I have it. I can save the situation. I have an idea. On the 16th inst. at Jawbones, Halfpenny Hole, Surrey, Mr. Luke Sharper, of an idea. Both doing well."

"Would you mind telling me what you are talking about?"

"I'm talking about old Vessunt.

He's a foreman. Up at the factory. Fine old chap. Religious, but quite honest. He's got a daughter, Effie. Very superior girl. And she's looking for a job. I can get her for you to-morrow morning. Effie Vessunt. Rather bright and sparkling—what?"

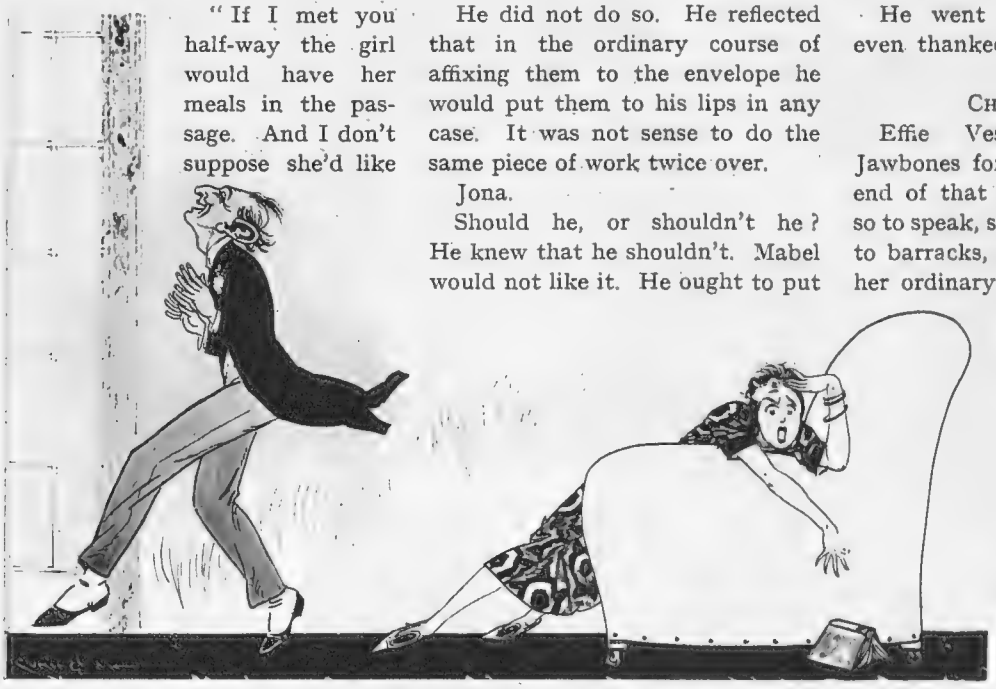
"At any rate, I can see her."

"You can, even with the naked eye. But I say, you know, she really is rather superior. She'll have to have her meals with us."

"If I engage her, she will feed in the kitchen."

"Mabel, must you always disagree with me? Have you no spirit of compromise? Can't you meet me half-way in a little thing like this?"

"If I met you half-way the girl would have her meals in the passage. And I don't suppose she'd like it, and, anyhow, she'd be in everybody's way."



"He was right away outside, beyond the limit"

"And this when I've just been of real use to you."

"So you ought to be. You were indirectly responsible for the accident that gave Kate the swollen knee. It was your wretched old push-bike that she fell over."

Luke wagged his ears. "Indirectly," he said. "There are many of us in it indirectly. Dunlop, for instance. Niggers in a rubber plantation. Factories in Coventry. A retail shop in High Holborn. And me. All working together. Combining and elaborating in order to give Dot a nasty one on the knee-cap. It's rather a great thought when you come to think it out that way."

"I can't see why you want to ride that old job-lot of scrap-iron at all. You might just as well go by train, now that the new line is opened. All my friends do it. Why can't you go by train?"

"I believe I know the answer to that one. Don't tell me. I'll go upstairs and think it out."

He went up to the frowsty study-bedroom, and sat down at his table. Mechanically he drew from his pocket the sheet of thirty stamps with which, after a few disparaging remarks, the lady at the post-office had supplied him. He spread them out before him. Thirty stamps. Thirty letters to Jona. He felt inclined to kiss every one of them.

He did not do so. He reflected that in the ordinary course of affixing them to the envelope he would put them to his lips in any case. It was not sense to do the same piece of work twice over.

Jona.

Should he, or shouldn't he? He knew that he shouldn't. Mabel would not like it. He ought to put Jona out of his mind, and to burn those stamps. But that was not economical. It was possible to have thirty stamps, and yet to avoid writing thirty love-letters to Jona. He folded them up and put them back in his pocket.

What was it he had come up to do? He remembered. Mabel had asked him a question. He ran downstairs and rejoined her.

"Because of the season ticket," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you asked me why I couldn't go by train. I could get a season ticket, but I should lose it the first day. Then they fine you forty shillings, and make you buy another. And that would go on, and on, and on until I was bankrupt and a beggar. And we should have to go down the High Street together, singing hymns. And you never did have any voice, and——"

"Oh, that'll do," said Mabel, wearily.

"Look here," he said, brightly, "I've brought you a present, Mabel. I think you will find these useful."

He produced the postage stamps from his pocket.

"Just a few stamps," he said.

"All right," said Mabel, not taking them. "Stick them down anywhere."

"They should be stuck down in the top right-hand corner," he said, "but I leave it all entirely to you."

He went out. She had not even thanked him.

### CHAPTER VIII

Effie Vessunt remained at Jawbones for a fortnight. At the end of that time Dot's knee had, so to speak, submitted and returned to barracks, and she could resume her ordinary work. Effie went to Bournemouth, where she took a position as kennel maid.

Luke heard nothing from Jona. Occasionally he saw her name in the newspaper as one of those present at some social function. Twice he read that her husband had been fined for being drunk while driving a motor-car. Beyond this, nothing. Luke adhered to his resolution. He never sent her a letter. He wrote one. It was a long, passionate letter, full of poetry and beauty. But he never posted it.

He made a paper boat of it. And launched it on that old-world stream. It floated away under the bridge, and on and on for nearly twenty yards. Then an old-world cow came down to the edge of the stream and ate it. The cow died.

And so the months passed away. He completed another little monograph for the firm, entitled "Pulp," of which he said beautifully that it was the beginning of all jam, and the end of all books. Then he remembered that Jona had rather seemed to encourage him in his idea of writing his biography. He

(*Continued on page 445*)

# The Long Arm of Coincidence—

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

## —At Work Upon the Moors

*"IF SUMMER DON'T"* (*continued*)

planned it all out in his mind. He pictured himself wrongly suspected, loathed by everybody (except Jona), suffering horribly, terribly ill. He thoroughly enjoyed it.

He enjoyed it so much that he felt he had to tell Mabel about it. He did.

"Mabel," he said, "have you ever realised that under certain circumstances the most awful things would happen to me that ever befell the hero of a melodrama? Just take the train of events. Effie has an illegitimate child. She writes and tells you about it."

"But she wouldn't," said Mabel. "She was with me for a fortnight, and I always kept her in her place."

"Well, she refuses to say who the father is."

"Why?" asked Mabel.

"Because the story can't possibly go on if she doesn't. Please don't interrupt me again until I've finished. Effie has no money. She goes to see her father, who will take her in, but not the child. It's an accepted convention that the unmarried mother must be parted from her child. So Effie and the baby turn up here. I say that they shall stay. You say that in that case you'll go, which you do, having previously dismissed Dot and Dash. In consequence, everybody in this neighbourhood cuts me, I am turned out of my business, and as the dates agree, I am believed to be the father of the child. Effie has the housework to do as well as the baby to look after, and, in consequence, I am horribly neglected. The handle of the front door is not polished, and when an old friend comes down from London to see me I have nothing to give him for lunch except cold meat, and a fruit tart that is no longer in its first youth. So I take a week-end at Brighton without Effie. She cleans my straw hat with oxalic acid, which I have bought for her. I throw away the hat and buy another. While I am at Brighton she kills herself and the baby with what is left of the oxalic acid. At the inquest I am unable to say anything except 'Look here,' am severely censured by the coroner's jury, and nearly lynched by the crowd outside. I go back to the house and find a letter on the clock, which entirely clears me and tells me that the father of the child is the son of Dobson, the dirty dog who sneaked my partnership. So I go to see Dobson and find that he has just got the news that his son is dead. I therefore burn Effie's letter so as to get the sole evidence of my innocence out of the way, and then have a hæmorrhage of the brain. And you divorce me, and then——"

"Look here, Luke, you'd better go and lie down for a little. You've been bicycling in the sun, you know."

"Whenever I make a beautiful thing, someone always gets it"

"What do you mean? Wouldn't it happen so? Isn't it all absolutely inevitable?"

"Not absolutely,' said Mabel. "The previous knowledge that one has of you would go for something. There was never any sign of an attachment of that kind between you and Effie. If you had been the father of the child you would most certainly not have left her alone, without any provision, at the time the child was born. I should be quite certain of that. So would the two maids here. Effie would apply to young Dobson, and failing him, to old Dobson. This is about the last house to which she would come. If she did come here, and you insisted on her staying, I should put up with it, though I should not like it, until some arrangement could be made for her to go elsewhere with her child. And that arrangement could be made easily and quickly. I do not see why I should dismiss the maids, and if I did they are paid with your money, and are much more devoted to you than they are to me. You would only have to speak and they would remain. No seducer would bring his victim and her child to the house where his wife was living. You would be thought quixotic, but not guilty. If Effie saw that you were cut by everybody, and that she had brought trouble on you, she would be particularly careful not to cause more serious trouble for you by committing suicide. And if she committed suicide, she would not implicate you in it by making you buy the poison. She would neither make fruit tart, nor clean a straw hat, because she simply would not have the time. You don't know much about young babies, do you? I should not divorce you, and should have no evidence on which I could get a divorce. In fact, the whole thing's skittles. By the way, when did Effie have her baby?"

"She never did," said Luke, despondently. "That's always the way. Whenever I make a beautiful thing, some cow always gets it. It's happened before. If I wrote my beautiful biography, some cow would parody it. The world's full of cows."

"Well, I'm sorry, of course," said Mabel. "You can do most incredibly foolish things. You do frequently fail to say what you should say. But even with those advantages, I doubt if it would be possible for you to incur so much suffering and suspicion as you describe. I shall have to think out some other little martyrdom for you."

*(To be continued next week)*

# Going Back to the Boards

*Photograph* *Bertram Park*

## VISCOUNTESS DUNSFORD (NÉE PEGGY RUSH)

The beautiful wife of the Earl of Midleton's eldest son who, before her marriage, achieved some success on the stage, to which she is returning very soon. Her husband, who had a distinguished war record, and is a captain in the Yeomanry, is Lord Midleton's only son by his first marriage to Lady Hilda Charteris. By his second wife, a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. John Constantine Stanley, he has two children, both boys

# Femina

## WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

By MRS. M. VINCE

You clean the inside of the house in the spring. In the autumn you should inspect the outside. There are four or five different things which should be inspected, and this regular autumn inspection may save a good deal of trouble, expense, and discomfort in the winter. The part of the house which most requires it is the roof, for the roof is more exposed than any other part to the destructive effects of heat and frost, wind and rain. It should be as much a matter of course to have it examined every autumn as it is to go periodically to the dentist.

Any tiles or slates that are broken or chipped should be replaced, and if you employ a jobbing bricklayer to do the work it is a wise precaution to make sure that he uses nails that are of copper, zinc, or galvanised iron. Ordinary iron nails, which are the cheapest, very quickly rust, the heads break off, and the slates begin to slip.

At the same time that the roof is examined the gutters should be cleaned of the autumn leaves and other rubbish that has collected in them. It is a very good thing to have a guard of wire-netting fitted over the tops of the pipes which drain the gutter. This will prevent them from being choked up, birds from nesting in them, and, what is the most sudden cause of disaster, pieces of broken slate from covering them. During the violent rains at the beginning of August I came across a very good example of the wisdom of this precaution. During the day, after a very heavy shower, the rain was found to be coming through one corner of the roof into an attic cupboard. A bucket was placed underneath it, but nothing more was done. During the evening the rain returned, more violently than before, and in a little while it was coming through the roof, not at one, but at half a dozen different places, and began to show on the ceiling of the bedroom below. By bedtime every bath, bucket, basin, and mackintosh in the house had been collected in a vain attempt to stem the flood. By midnight the unfortunate owner had climbed through the skylight and was crawling over the roof with an electric torch and a stick. There was a stone parapet to the roof, as in so many London houses, and the gutter was six inches deep in water. He felt under the water, first at one end of the gutter and then at the other, but for a long time could not find the rain-pipe. At last he felt the edge of a slate, and drew it away. Half a minute later the gutter was empty and the flood in the house had stopped. The roof was perfectly sound, but that piece of slate, lying right across the rain-pipe, had prevented the water from escaping, and, as it rose up the roof, it had forced its way beneath the under edge of the slates into the house. A ceiling which will take three months to dry and then will have to be papered and distempered is the result.

After the roof and gutters have been examined comes the turn of the outside pipes, and the outside cistern if there is one. The tops of cisterns should be covered and all exposed pipes wrapped in felt or sacking as a protection against the winter frosts, and each autumn these coverings and wrappings should be examined in case they have rotted during the year and need to be replaced.

Before the winter fires are started it is a good thing to have the insides of boilers examined and the fur removed. This fur is a deposit of lime from the water. It remains on the bottom and sides of the boiler, and it is impossible to say how often it will be necessary to remove it, because the amount deposited depends on the hardness of the water, the frequency with which the boiler is used, and the temperature to which the water is heated. It is, however, important that it should be removed, for the thicker the fur the longer the time it will take for the heat to reach the water and the greater the amount of fuel required.

If these four things are done regularly every autumn—roofs, gutters, exposed pipes and boilers examined and put in good repair, one's house is ready to withstand whatever winter weather may come.

M. V.

THE CAMERA AT HOME

A new portrait of Lady Mary Crichton with her three sons, Richard, Patrick and David. Lady Mary is the wife of Col. the Hon. George Crichton, C.V.O., M.V.O., the Assistant Comptroller, Lord Chamberlain's Department. She was Lady Mary Dawson, the younger daughter of the second Earl of Dartrey, before her marriage

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

## THE ARCH CYNIC

*(The setting will be recognised as the gardens at Ranelagh, where this mask grins down upon world and weather, immutable)*

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

A MIRROR IS A MOST USEFUL ADJUNCT TO ANY CAR

# BLANCHETTE ON "OTHER PEOPLE"

*Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"The men who fought for us and those that didn't"

SOMEWHERE-IN-THE-SOUTH
*August* 28

DEAR COUSIN—

Do you always really, honestly, and genuinely love all your fellow-men—not to mention fellow-women? Not sure I quite invariably and entirely do, myself, 'spite of all the Christian precepts and injunctions we learnt at (and across) our mothers' knees.

AM speaking with *rather* particular and especial feeling just this moment, 'cos of happening to be having my sort of a kind of a slice of a little holiday, 'fore plunging once more into the world's pleasures and distractions, at a spot that's suffered, p'raps, more than most, from *people*. A lovely old-world corner of England, it is. Where you're surrounded by a vista of the most d'lightful red-brown roofs, rich with age and history, and centuries of baking by a kindly mild English sun and watering with soft and gentle English rain.

AND just a very few yards away there's an anciente priory, one of the wonderfullest and beautifullest things I've ever seen. Even the mere "present building," as the guide-books patronisingly put it, is nearly 800 years of age, and the Saxon monastery they started with has got another two or three centuries at least behind it. Glorious old grey stone walls, marvellous old Norman arches, mellow old buttresses, soft, grassy churchyard with old and weather-beaten tombstones, a great thick boundary parapet that leads to a moat, and a general air of peace and immemorial restfulness brooding all over it. . . .

SHELLEY'S cenotaph is there—Shelley, who died only just less splendidly than Byron, swimming the Hellespont instead of fighting for Greece. You can find old deeds giving lands to the Priory, if you only look, hanging framed on the walls. The Edward II rood screen and things are treasures and joys to be visited and looked at and hung over and dreamed about, again and again and again. But you don't, somehow, do it. Or ever go there more than once. 'Cos why?

'COS, for one thing, very moment you go into the lovely place, with your mind all full of solemn thoughts and a deep feeling of hush and reverence—up comes a gentleman who points threateningly to a big money-box, and says in firm, stern tones: "Sixpence each

The "other people" there

"BLANCHETTE ON 'OTHER PEOPLE'" (*concluded*)

for viewing the Priory, please!" Whereupon you, of course, place the necessary sum in the slot provided, and proceed forward, your *morale* and devotional instincts, etc., somewhat the worse for wear, in the direction of the chancel.

VERY nearly asked him, must confess I did, whether there was any entertainment tax in it. Though, I s'pose, that wouldn't have been at all a proper thing to say, would it? And, besides, after all, I'm sure the poor things aren't *profiteering*. Why, the vicar's sa'ary itself, I'm told's, only about a couple of hundred a year or so. But, somehow, can't help thinking, 'tween you and me, that it's rather a bit of a pity things should have to be run on those sort of lines.

WHICH reminds me of what I was talking about first . . . people. 'Cos it's *people*, really, come to think of it, that spoil for us and take the glamour and romance out of places like this lovely old Priory, isn't it? Sort of people like the aforementioned ones, f'rinstance, that hover round you and worry you to pay for going in (not that one grudges the mere *money*), even if it's only for a minute or two. P'raps even (such things *have* been heard of) going there to pray.

EVEN in the Italian churches (and they're *quite* good, aren't they, some of 'em, over there, at robbing or exploiting, or whatever you call it, the unsuspecting visitor?) simply unb'lievable that anyone should ever have to *pay* to go in. A *lira* or so for viewing the special shrine of Michael Angelo or Raphael, but otherwise . . .

AND then, oh then, there's also, dear cousin (am doing a real holiday grouse this week, am I not?), lots more unromantic people all around. Could hardly have believed, I 'sure you, if I hadn't actually seen and beheld it with me own eyes, what a 'stonishing collection of odd and strange and incongruous objects could be assembled together around a great and grand and noble place of worship like this. And not only people—but the cars they come in.

WOULDN'T mind all *them* quite so much, though, p'raps, as I said, if it wasn't for the—perfectly good and kind and honest, etc., I'm sure—people that they pour out when finally quietened down and induced to stop. Not to mention all the others who walk (not to say stream) along to the very same objective—just when you think you might be doing, p'raps, a bit of quiet meditation or a peaceful walk round—to see the "pretty church." And then, fleeing to the little quiet churchyard, you find yet more people . . . beating out carpets among the tombs! Fact, I give you my word!

"Sixpence, please"

BUT never mind. . . . After all, we *are* on a holiday, so nothing really matters. Even the weather, that 'specially on a holiday does seem so frightfully important. And 'smatter of fact, a doctor man's just discovered it's millions of times better for us for it to be *bad*. Simply heaps healthier, and save "thousands of lives," they do—the kind of so-called dog days when the sun forgets to shine. So that's that, and just shows, doesn't it, that one oughtn't *ever* to grumble?

BESIDES, seem rather tiny, don't they, even the worst of our little troubles of to-day, when we cast our minds back only a few short years to the great War days? And when even to-day we keep hearing of men that fought for us then, still fighting—for jobs. While the "poor downtrodden and humiliated" Huns 'parently go gaily on and don't seem to know what unemployment (or income tax) means. Odd world, isn't it? But simply *the* one and only way to deal with it's just to go on smiling at it, all the time, isn't it?

HELPED thereto by the d'lightful little things that keep on turning up somehow in unexpected odd corners. Like f'rinstance, the World's Masterpiece, otherwise "Beatrice; or The Unknown Relatives," by Miss Catherine Sinclair, pubd. in 1854, 3 vols., 12*s.*, that I've just been and bought for the sum of a whole sixpence.

ALL lords and ladies, the people in it are, who "reply in the affirmative," and all that kind of thing. Like "Lady Edith," who "stood impressively but pleasingly meditating, and found a soothing pleasure in observing many a light cloud careering swiftly across the hemisphere, which veiled from time to time the calm effulgence of the crescent moon." Don't mind how many of *that* sort of people I meet, anyway! With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

# "Venice of the North"

*Photograph* *Horace W. Nicholls*

A HOUSE-BRIDGE AT BRUGES

This is one of the most picturesque houses of Old Bruges—spanning the canal in manner vividly reminiscent of Italy's wonder city

# RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

### In the North

I SHARE with the majority of Southern racegoers who occasionally go racing in the North a sense of keen enjoyment of the Yorkshire meetings. You see different horses, and you meet good sportsmen whom you do not regularly encounter in the South. The crowds are interesting and seem to care more for the actual sport than southerners do. That, of course, may be merely my imagination, but it was noticeable at Stockton last week that a keen interest was manifested in all those races in which the average punter could not bet owing to the prohibitive odds on the favourites. There was nothing particularly stirring about three of the chief events of the day, which were carried off without an effort by Cos, Tanglewood, and Pharos, but we did have one flicker of excitement when the rider of Cos allowed that filly to slow down almost into a walk. The result was that Ironbridge got to within a length of that filly, a performance, I venture to assert, that he is never likely to repeat.

### Stockton Meeting

UP at Stockton they told me tales of industrial stagnation. "There's nothing doing round here, and not likely to be yet awhile," said the boss of one of the biggest engineering concerns in the district. Nevertheless, the folk did not neglect to turn up in their usual numbers to the races. Recent experiences go to indicate that the Turf never had a bigger hold upon the British public than is the case to-day. The County Stand was well filled, and the big house-party which Lord and Lady Londonderry brought from Wynyard Park assured the social success of the meeting. Princess Mary seemed thoroughly to enjoy her visit, and obviously took the keenest interest in the racing.

### "Tatt's" and the Ladies

WE should all have liked to see her husband's colours carried to the front by a good winner. Lord Lascelles has not had much luck on the Turf so far, but I hope his time will come soon. Everything is well done at the Stockton meeting, and I must put in a special word for the catering arrangements, which were a vast improvement upon those to which we are accustomed in the South. I was glad to notice, too, that in Tattersall's enclosure ample space was reserved for the special use of the womenfolk, who at the majority of meetings do not come in for the consideration to which they are entitled.

By "The Tout"

THE EARL OF DURHAM

**Whose horses have a strong following at the big Northern meetings now in progress. His brother, the Hon. George Lambton, is the well-known Newmarket trainer**

### A Fine Struggle

MUCH of the racing was of rather a tame description. An exception was the struggle for the Stewards' Handicap, which ensued between Longstop and Roman Bachelor. No mistake had been made by backers in installing these two horses joint favourites in a big field. They practically had the finish to themselves, and though Roman Bachelor was just beaten his great effort under big weight was particularly creditable. It was a fine scoop for De Mestre to carry off the two big handicaps of the meeting with Set Off and Longstop, and this will help to console him for some of the disappointments of the season. These races have placed Stanley Wootton's apprentice, Smirke, right in the front rank of young jockeys. His successes denote that there is plenty of talent among the boys if only they get a fair chance to display it.

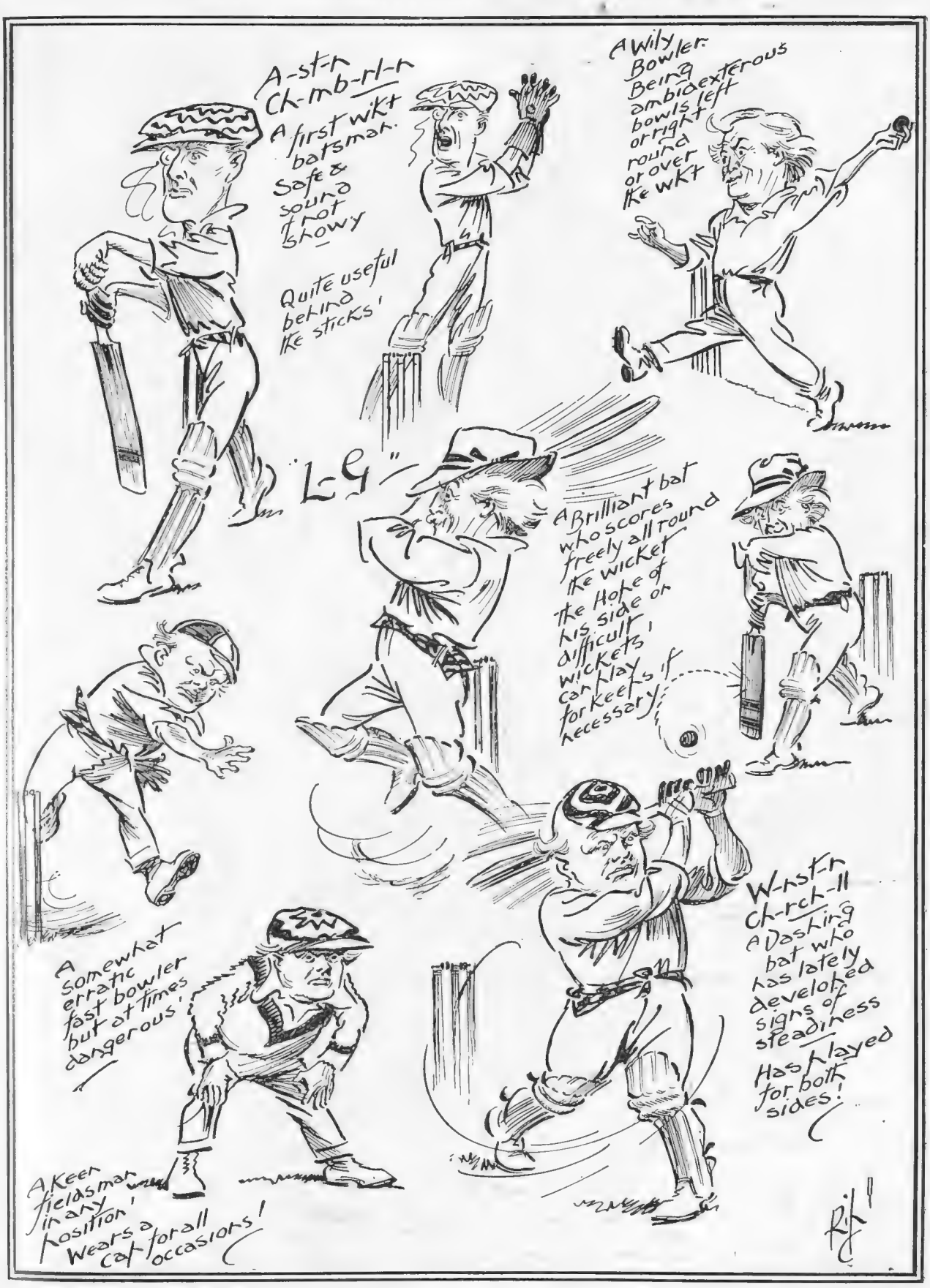
### On the Knavesmire

WE look like having a particularly good meeting on the Knavesmire this week. This is one of the finest courses in the kingdom, and the York August meeting is one which all lovers of good racing would not care to miss. I am sorry that we shall not see Pogrom during the week. One of her joints has gone, and this makes it doubtful whether the Oaks winner will appear on the racecourse again. The Ebor Handicap presents, as usual, a pretty problem. Harry Cottrill can choose between Chivalrous and Backwood. If the latter goes I shall not let him run loose, for he is a remarkably good stayer, and is nicely handicapped. I have a great respect for the chance of Hunt Law, and I expect Bumble Bee to put up a good show. I shall make **Backwood** my selection, and in his absence I depend on HUNT LAW.

### York Attractions

I HOPE we shall have a glimpse of the brilliant Town Guard at the meeting. He is engaged in the Convivial Produce Stakes on Wednesday and in the Gimcrack on the following day, either of which he could win. **Craigangower** may take the Duke of York Stakes, while if **St. Louis** has real pretentions of winning the St. Leger he should secure the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which affords a fine opportunity of putting his stamina to the test. The Harewood Handicap on Thursday is an interesting sprint. KING SOL, of course, has top weight, but in my opinion has not been handicapped out of it. SIR GREYSTEEL may run into the first three. At Gatwick on Friday **Lady Diana** may win the September Handicap.

# Our Coalition Cricketers




BY "RIP"

CRISP CUTS FROM THE CABINET

# SPORTS and PASTIMES

## DAVIS CUP REFLECTIONS

THE *grand finale* of the Davis Cup Competition has now been reached, and Australia, the winners of the preliminary competition, will meet America, the holders, in the challenge round at the West Side Club, Forest Hills, near New York, on Friday, Saturday, and Monday next.

THE Americans are nothing if not methodical, and on the committee of management—all of whom have their appointed jobs—there are two whose duties include the provision of an adequate supply of pencils and drawing pins, whilst one of them has also to see that there are buckets of iced oatmeal water by each court and that the umpires' seats are cleaned every day! But it will undoubtedly be a great occasion, and with Patterson on one side and Tilden on the other (to name only the two protagonists) the play is likely to be as fine as any ever seen in the game's history.

IT is worth noting that, strictly speaking, this is Australia's first appearance in the Davis Cup, and that, consequently, like Japan last year, she has reached the challenge round at her first essay. Up to last year Australia and New Zealand were, for Davis Cup purposes, one nation—Australasia—but the partnership has since been dissolved. Parenthetically, I think I am right in saying that Australasia has not had a New Zealander in any of her Davis Cup teams since the War. When she lost the Cup at Auckland in 1920 to the Americans, Tilden and Johnston, she was represented by Patterson and Norman Brookes, and we may be sure that Patterson, in particular, will be very keen on reversing that result and also of emulating the feat of Brookes and the late Captain Wilding in 1914, when they won the Cup from America on American soil—a thing that takes some doing.

AFTER Wimbledon and the fine form shown by Patterson, Anderson, and O'Hara Wood thereat, it was almost a foregone conclusion that Australia would be America's challenger. In the circumstances, therefore, France and Spain are both to be congratulated upon the good fight they put up against Patterson and O'Hara Wood in the semi-final and final respectively of the "preliminary." It seems evident that Gobert, Cochet, Alonso, and De Gomar, although practically strangers to American conditions (Gobert played a little when in America in 1913, but only in private), were better able to show their true form in America than on the soft and sometimes absolutely soddened courts of this

*Photograph* *Central Press*

**TORQUAY'S YEARLY YACHTING CARNIVAL**

**A view of the harbour during the regatta of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club last week, showing one of the boats leaving her moorings to take part in a race. Wednesday's racing was remarkable for two dead-heats; one was between Mr. C. J. Lowe's "Pierrette" and Mr. A. Cochrane's "Ripple" in a handicap, and the other is described on the opposite page**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**E. HENDREN NEARLY BREAKS A 100 YEAR RECORD**

**One of his characteristic drives to square leg in the match between Middlesex and Kent at Lord's last week. He eventually scored 277 not out, and had it not been for that full pitch on Murrell's nose he might have broken William Ward's record of 279, which the latter made in 1820, batting for the M.C.C. against Norfolk at Lord's**

year's Wimbledon, the wettest Wimbledon on record.

IN both ties the result was the same, a win for Australia by four matches (three Singles and the one Double) to one single, and in both cases the match lost was lost by O'Hara Wood—to Cochet in the first case and to Alonso in the second; but France in reality did better than Spain. Gobert was only beaten by Patterson on the first day by the odd set in five after he had won the first two. Gobert is an unlucky player; when engaged in an important match he usually strikes a snag somewhere; this time it was a strained thumb.

THE Doubles match also ran to five sets, and the fifth was a 'vantage set, so that, as Cochet beat Anderson, the Frenchmen very nearly won the first three matches (which would have given them the victory) instead of only one of them. But on the third day, possibly because rain had slowed the courts down, they rather "slumped." Gobert, in particular—one can picture him in one of his despairing moods—did not play nearly so well against O'Hara Wood as he had done against Patterson, and Cochet (who began to learn the game as soon as he could wield a racket, and tells you ingenuously that "To *me* tennis is easy!") was not really a match for Patterson, although he took one set off him.

PATTERSON was playing his relentless game to perfection against Spain — he won both his Singles without losing a set—and this is, no doubt, the main reason why Spain were more easily beaten than France. But they were by no means overwhelmed. A'onso's defeat of O'Hara Wood after Wood had won the first two sets (a replica of Patterson's defeat of Gobert the week before) was a fine performance, and the Spanish Association has no cause whatever to regret its decision to send them out on what was, naturally, something of a forlorn hope. It contrasts favourably, at any rate with the decision of the English Association to scratch to Spain on the ground that, even if England beat Spain (in England), she would not be able to send a team to America which would possess a "winning chance." English lawn tennis players are still shrugging their shoulders —not quite as good-humouredly as Englishmen habitually do— over this extraordinary *faux pas* of their accredited representatives.

H. S. S.

*Photograph* *Central Press*

**A BOAT THAT DEAD-HEATED**

**Major Vickers and Captain Couldrey on board of their yacht "St. George" at Torbay regatta last week. She raced in the "Torbay Saints" class, and on the Wednesday there was the rare occurrence of a dead-heat between her and Captain Hodder's "St. Andrew"**

*Photograph* *Photo. Illust.*

**SCORING A RUN FOR SUSSEX**

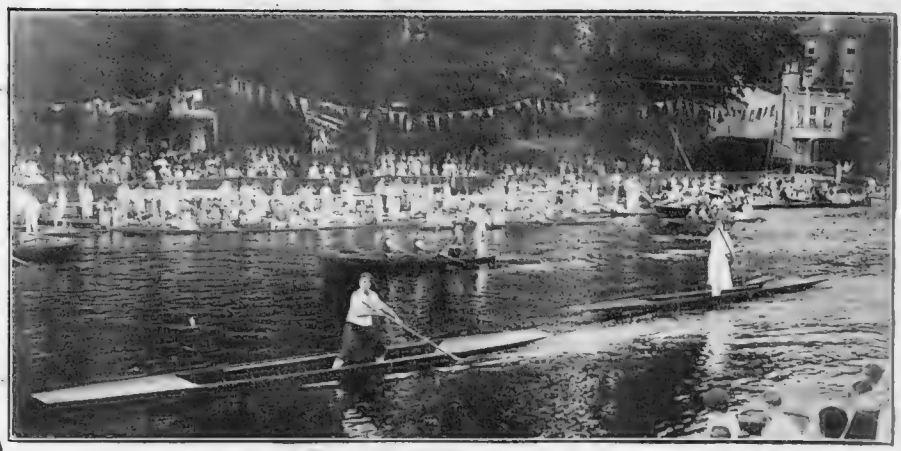
**In the stoolball match at Tunbridge Wells between Kent and Sussex. The "batswomen" are Miss Curteis, the Sussex captain, and Miss Thomas. The match ended after an exciting finish in a win for Sussex by three runs**

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**MISS CALLEBOUT (England)**

**Winning the hundred yards final in the Women's Olympic Games at the Pershing Stadium, near Paris. The English team were the winners, with a total of 50 points, America being second with 31**

# SPORT *in* PICTURES



SUNBURY AMATEUR REGATTA

The scene at the finish of the final heat of the ladies' single punting race for the Sunbury Challenge Cup, in which Miss N. Mattingley won easily from Miss I. Pardoe

H. B. STALLARD

Winning the mile team race for the Achilles Club in the athletic match between the Services and the Achilles Club at Uxbridge on Wednesday last. The contest resulted after a keen struggle in a tie

R. SEGAR PUGH

Who won the Finch Hatton Cup and tied for the gold medal at the Royal St. David's Club's summer meeting at Harlech, where he holds the record for the course

H. SUTCLIFFE

His fine innings of 232 helped Yorkshire to score the points for a lead on the first innings in the big county match between Surrey and Yorkshire at the Oval, which ultimately resulted in a draw

*Photographs]* THE EIGHTH GREEN ON THE ROYAL ST. DAVID'S COURSE AT HARLECH *[Sport and General*

With Harlech Castle in the background. The match in progress is the final of the Harlech Town Bowl in which E. N. Dickenson (left), a boy member of the Royal Dublin Club, with the aid of a handicap of 18, beat R. F. Goodacre (Lytham), whose handicap is 4

# GOLF AND THE MAN

No. VI.—

## THE ANTI-FEMINIST

By DELL LEIGH

*Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS*

THE gentleman who would legislate for the abolition of all women on golf courses at all times. He would go further than this, if he had his way; he would allow no women to be brought on to club-house verandahs for tea, nor any person wearing a skirt to be seen within, or upon, the precincts of golf club property. As regards public footpaths and rights of way across fairways, and behind greens, he would have a borough bye-law passed, in every case, making it an indictable offence for any female person to use such footpath or right of way at a pace less than four miles an hour.

As for women *playing* on a course, except before 9.30 a.m. and after 6 p.m., this, in his opinion, is puerile pandering to the wiles of a second-rate sex.

Some men, most I find, although agreeably intrigued by the white linen skirt and the cool, sage-green jumper, on the sands at 12.30 p.m., or on the terrace of the hotel in the evening, become immediate misogynists when the same attractive kit is espied on a distant green. The psychology of the keen golfer is very interesting on this point. I was playing with a man the other day who, normally, becomes straightway entangled in every feminine net that is cast for him. Many such are spread upon the waters for him from time to time because he has a dangerous habit of touring about coast towns in the summer months, alone, in a very attractive two-seater Rolls, and he is good to look upon. On the day in question he had been edifying me, all through breakfast, with a description of the "beauties" of the place, and one gathered from his enthusiasm that his days at Belles-Sur-Mer were one long chypre-scented dream, and that golf was merely a boring interlude between one *liaison* and the next.

It was a serious game we were plunged into, for the Visitors' Cup. He, being a safe scratch, was a likely winner, and I was marking his card. Moreover, the day before he had produced a succession of devastating "fours." He got a perfect three at the first: remarkable golf, and we walked across, gaily, to the second tee. This tee stands upon high ground flanked by sand dunes, in one of which an extremely pretty mother called to her child on the distant shore, "Hor-ace, come back and put your sho-es on." She had every right to do so, it being public ground. But it lost Guy the cup. He sliced his drive, lost his ball and his temper, and mumbled at intervals all round the course, "damn that woman." He could never get her out of his mind, although I forgot her in five minutes. I suppose if I was scratch and rather fancied my drive. . . .

I know another famous course where the ways of the anti-feminist are even stranger. Here, having lots of money, and being determined not to be rattled by the presence of women, they have given the ladies and children a very excellent nine-hole course to themselves. Unfortunately, owing to the restrictions of space and the presence of the Atlantic Ocean, two of these holes impinge slightly upon the main course. It is at both these that men get into trouble. When I can't play a golf shot with any of my clubs (you know those days) I go for solace to a seat at a certain spot, where men and women players are apt to meet, and absorb the fun with a fierce, dumb joy. Arrives Colonel Backsight and Commander Focastle, all square, three to go, a hot morning, very patchy golf on both sides, things beginning to look serious. You hear them coming along the fairway to the green, down wind, saying charming things to each other in the conventional manner. "Very nice approach, that of yours, 'spect your nearly dead. No, I've played the odd. Of course, your short game always does me. Very steady, you are, a perfect shot, that." They each have four putts, and are quite satisfied with a half in eight. They must not drive at the next tee until the women are off their own adjoining green. Two of whom are about to putt.

Colonel Backsight opens fire *sotto voce* with "Course, we shall be here for the rest of the day now, may as well smoke a cigar—what?"

"I know," replies the gallant old sailor, resignedly, "the way these hordes of women flop about these greens—sickening!"

They stamp and chafe on the tee, fingering shafts of drivers irritably.

Both women sink two first-class putts. But they pause thereafter,

## "GOLF AND THE MAN" (*concluded*)

perhaps a trifle unduly, while pencils and cards are prospected for in the pockets of golf skirts.

"Look at 'em! Marking *cards*, if you please, *on the green* (this from the Army of Occupation). Well, of all the——"

Both these women's L.G.U. handicaps are known to me. They could both beat the army and the navy round the main course, conceding several strokes, but no matter. They have impeded the progress, and fierce breathings of ineffable contempt fills the summer atmosphere. Both these gentlemen eventually trickle their drives a few yards down the fairway, and follow their balls, casting oblique glances of envy (possibly, but we shall never know), hatred, and all uncharitableness towards the two golfing women. You see two more males approaching up the fairway, and two more women approaching their own green, and you fill another pipe and await the next scene, which will be the same, the only variation being in the vocabulary.

All the lost souls of dead and dreadful golfers were let loose upon this course one morning by Sir Nicholas Niblick, K.B.E. (the *nom de guerre* will serve), one time prominent Town Councillor and Chief of the Fire Brigade. Corpulent, magisterial, stands no nonsense from caddies, strict disciplinarian, a personage; he had lost his ball in the rough, short of the seventeenth, close up to the main road, and I was privileged to see him do it. The fear of death had fallen upon both caddies; his opponent, the local harness-maker, was by no means easy in his mind, and all four groped about with bent heads. Sir Nicholas poked about the undergrowth maliciously, a storm brooded. Suddenly a caddie gave tongue. "'Ere y'are, sir." They strode towards it together. "No it ain't; blimey!" It was a pocket powder-puff, dropped from a lady golfer's handkerchief! Whereupon Sir Nicholas lifted up his voice in the prescribed manner, only worse, so that even the humming in the telegraph wires by the road ceased their song; larks dropped dead; yellow furze became bleached; the caddies felt sick. . . .

The small head of a dowdy, thin-lipped woman, with strings to her bonnet, rose above the wall during the obligato:

"Nicholas! *Nicholas!* How dare you use such disgusting language? How many more times have I got to tell you I *won't* have it? On a public thoroughfare, too. Disgraceful. You had better come home to lunch *at once*. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Very well, my dear," replied, a subdued voice, and a shaken shrunken man glanced apprehensively, inquiringly, from his opponent to Lady Niblick and back again. DELL LEIGH

A DIFFERENT THING

By E. F. SHERIE

"I suppose, Donald, there's a lot to learn in salmon fishing?"

"There's nae sae much tae *learn*, laddie, but there's a de'il o' lot tae find oot!"

# PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

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*For over a quarter of a century Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes have maintained their high place in public favour; due entirely to their quality & excellence of manufacture*

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P. 981.

# The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MR. COSMO HAMILTON has such an engaging way with him that you accept any improbabilities in a story of his without much difficulty. His new novel, *The Rustle of Silk* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a tissue of moonshine, but a most likeable tissue. In brief, it is an up-to-date yarn of a Bayswater tradesman's beautiful daughter who sets out to win the love of an adored Cabinet Minister. Her method of attack is intriguing (from the reader's point of view), even if her weapons are not highly original. On the other hand, her adventures are bizarre and unusual, and, indeed, exciting enough to carry you on with a sweep to the end. As maid to Lady Feo, the Minister's wife, she plays Cinderella with conspicuous success, but when the hour strikes—well, the sequel must not be given away. There is a scene where Lady Feo and her maid meet on terms of equality, which is possibly the most amusing thing Mr. Hamilton has ever written.

❀

I FANCY that no more than half of Mrs. Hodgson Burnet's new story is printed in *The Head of the House of Coombe* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), but the sequel is bound to come soon, and meanwhile there is much ingenuous entertainment to be obtained from the earlier instalment. When the "wicked" Lord Coombe looks after a pretty little butterfly widow who is left penniless with an infant daughter, people say things, but, bless you, Feather is no mistress of his. Her daughter Robin, conveniently falls in love with my Lord's heir at the early age of six, and at the end of the book is on the point of marrying him. But the war is due, and I foresee trouble and tragedy of some kind, particularly as Robin still believes the peer to be her bitterest enemy, even although he has already rescued her from the clutches of a nasty German nobleman who had lured her into his house. Well, we must wait and see.

❀

BOOKS about cricket which are neither unduly technical nor devoid of all literary value are extraordinarily rare. In *A Cricketer's Book* (Grant Richards: 6*s.* net), however, Mr. Neville Cardus, of the *Manchester Guardian*, has shown how the thing should be done. I cannot imagine anybody who has ever played, or even watched a game of cricket, being other than enchanted by this truly gracious book. Mr. Cardus combines sound knowledge of the game with a pretty turn of phrase. He is a scholar as well as a sportsman. In his chapters there are glimpses of the glorious past and vignettes of the present and hints of a bright future. There are plain tales of those terrible days last year when Australia beat us into the proverbial cocked hat, and a little gentle fun is now and then poked at those transient fashions to which cricketers, like everybody else, are prone. *A Cricketer's Book* is a gem of its kind—one of those volumes, indeed, of which it may be said truly and without hint of sarcasm that no gentleman's library ought to be without.

❀

IT is not a little surprising to find so careful a writer as Mr. Archibald Marshall publishing so poor a "shocker" as *Big Peter* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is almost as if he had set out to see how many of the old familiar "situations" and how many of the stock figures of melodrama could be crowded together into one book. So there is the wicked old peer and his blackmailing secretary, the rightful claimant, and the peer's beautiful daughter. And affairs go precisely as you expect. Big Peter himself is a personable hero, but his creator might really have found something more original for him to do. R. S.

By CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

FRANCE IS VERY KEEN ON REPARATION, SOME PARTS MORE THAN OTHERS

### A Wireless Manual

The tremendous and widespread interest in wireless telegraphy has prompted the publication of many books on the subject, but none that deal more exhaustively and lucidly than that of Mr. E. Redpath's *Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony* published by Cassell and Co. The handbook will be indispensable to all who wish to secure a sound grasp of this difficult subject, and who need practical aid in the working and construction of their instruments and sets.

# Galloping Sketches by Major

"Snoops, the Lawyer" otherwise Miss Beatrice Lillie

The dancing Ford Sisters—an American importation

Philip Durham, "The Lord of the Follies"

Mr. Herschel Henlere, who nose a lot about the piano

Carl Hyson—A toe-twisting shimmy shaker

Jino Cerruti, which, being interpreted means: "I am an acrobat." He is.

The Mirthful Melody Makers

Ed. La Vine does a little cookery cruising. Occupation, juggler. Pastime, juggling

## THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES AT THE METROPOLE

Though the gloom-mongers of the L.C.C tried their utmost to freeze out the Follies the result was but to freeze the patronage of the public on to these midnight mirthmakers, and with ever-changing features in their programme they have been follie-ing on (sorry) with much success. Americans love 'em and delight in telling you how much better their own are in New York

# MOTOR NOTES

THE WAALHAVEN FLYING GROUNDS AT ROTTERDAM

**Where an international competition of aviation commences on Saturday on the large municipal grounds of the Waalhaven. The programme is a vast one, a large number of international aviators competing in the many different events**

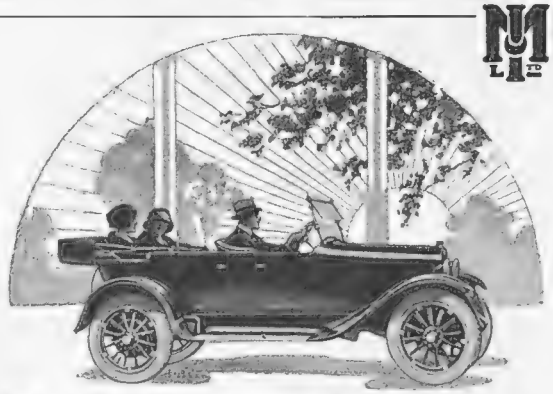
THE London County Club at Hendon is a place I never seem to have time to visit, although I have had dozens of invitations to dine, dance, golf, play tennis, and listen to fresh yarns of old projects there. But, judging by these self-same invitations, the motor industry seems to have adopted it this summer. I suppose the trials of trade deserve a holiday now and then, but Hendon, to my view, brings me back to the Welsh Harp and the old horsed omnibus. Yet as here are the resuscitated Angus-Sanderson works, and also the new assembling shops of General Motors, Ltd., I fear the day is not far distant when I shall have to face the terrors of Edgware Road and Shoot-up Hill in order to visit them. And as everybody who lives south of the Thames thinks he is more or less marooned when landed on the far side of the opposite shore, and *vice versa*, no doubt I shall hie to the oasis of the London County Club just as folks from Hampstead lunch at Brooklands after visiting Robin Hood works to see how K.L.G. plugs are made in Kingston Vale.

OUR old friends, the Roads Improvement Association, are suggesting that a track for push-cycles ought to be built on one side of our roads and a path for the pedestrians on the other, with the Brighton Road to start this innovation as a test of its benefits. I am sure motorists would hail with delight anything that helped to give the cyclist a clear path and lessen their dangers. But they themselves are plucky fellows, and don't want a road to themselves, according to the Cyclists' Touring Club, who are "again it." They much prefer to annoy motorists, spreading like flies across the thoroughfare, three, four, five abreast in place of Indian file or in twos on their own pet path. I am afraid they must be all "horrid, rough, fierce men" on the Council, as lady riders really would increase in thousands if they knew they did not have to mix up with the horse and motor traffic.

* * *

THE results of the J.C.C. 200-mile race, the greatest motoring event held at Brooklands in the year, afford culminating testimony to the popularity of Dunlop tyres, and to the value in which they are held by experts. The winning car in the 1,500 cc. class was the Talbot-Darracq II, driven by K. Lee Guinness, the second place was secured by the Aston-Martin III, with G. C. Stead up, and the third by the Talbot-Darracq III, driven by H. O. D. Segrave. The Dunlop Rubber Company may feel justifiable pride that their series of recent successes in the T.T. Races, the Circuit de Montargis, and the French Grand Prix is continued in so important a contest as the 200-mile race.

OLD HY.

DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR

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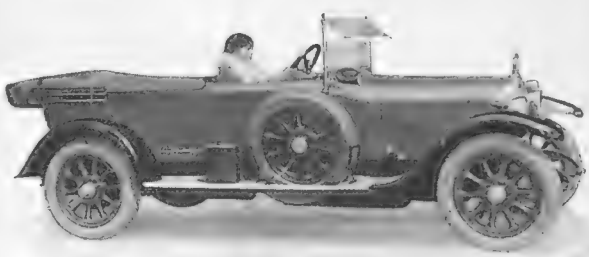
Exactly this desirable degree of enjoyment is the lot of him who fares in the Dodge Brothers touring car. The miles unroll, the beauties of the countryside are unfolded, and with that sense of security and content that spells sheer serenity.

The Dodge Brothers touring car is a thing of beauty and efficiency. Planned on luxurious lines, it has the equipment that one associates only with the most expensive type of car. Yet withal the price of this car, which, be it noted, costs surprisingly little to maintain, is but . . . . . £350.

International Motors Ltd.,
Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.6.
Telephone: Hammersmith 1972-3-4



The 16/40 h.p. 4 cyl. SUNBEAM with 5 Seater touring body. £960

THE SUPREME
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AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

". . . The result is marvellous, as not only have the old qualities of the former type of engine been retained in regard to silence and smooth running, but the power has been largely increased, and the acceleration or 'getting away' ability vastly improved . . . . The steering is very light, and the engine jumps into its stride at a touch of the accelerator pedal. The gear-changing is particularly easy, though it is seldom that lower gears are demanded, for as long as there is the smallest movement forward of the car the driver can remain on top. . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*, May 11th, 1922.

Other Touring Models are:
14 h.p. 4-cyl. .. .. £725
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. . . . *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3.
MANCHESTER . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 106, Deansgate
. . . *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 284/294, Eccles New Rd. Weaste
NEW YORK . . *Showroom* . . . . . 25, West 57th Street

# WHAT DUNLOP CORD TYRES HAVE DONE

From Capt. G. EGERTON PEARCH, Chagford, Devon.

"In October last I had Dunlop Cord Tyres fitted to my 25 h.p. Vauxhall car. I drove the car to the South of France, carrying a large amount of luggage and three adult passengers. I used the car almost every day for six months and came home via the High Alps. The journey was made in the worst of weather, but we arrived safely back in Devon with the same set of tyres with which we went away. The tyres are very little worn although the mileage is fully 6,000."

From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done.'

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on my G.W.K. car in the Scottish Six Days Trial, and obtained the best possible award, a Gold Medal. The same set of tyres were used in the London-Land's End Trial, in which I attribute my successes to the excellent gripping properties of your tyres."

From FRANK SEARLE, Esq., Managing Director, Daimler Hire Ltd., London, S.W.7.

"I should like to put on record the really wonderful results we are getting with your Dunlop Cord Tyres. Considering that our fleet consists of 250 30 h.p. landaulettes and our mileage in the summer approaches five hundred thousand miles a month (all of which is done on Dunlops) we are in a position to appreciate good value for money in tyres."

From a User at Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

"In May, 1921, I purchased a six cylinder Arm strong-Siddeley car fitted with your Cord Tyres I have done exactly 10,000 miles running, and have had no trouble whatsoever, no punctures or bursts, and the tyres still look good for two or three thousand more miles."

From R. G. JACKSON, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on the London-Land's End run and in the strenuous Scottish Six Days Trial, the tyres giving the utmost satisfaction. I have not had a puncture since they were originally fitted, neither have the tyres needed to be touched in any way."

From W. MORRISON, Esq., Loch Assynt.

"I am glad to say that your Magnum Cords are really good and I am having splendid service out of them on Albion and Ford cars."

From A. R. HUNTER, Esq., Worksop.

"I am now absolutely convinced that there is nothing better in the tyre world than the Dunlop Cord."

From P. J. CAFFYN, Esq., Caffyns Ltd., Eastbourne.

"I am still driving on the original four Dunlop Cords, although I have now exceeded 9,000 miles. Three of these tyres have not been re-inflated since fitted."

From W. H. BOWATER, Esq., Birmingham.

"I have been a user of your tyres for many years, and thought it would be interesting to you to know the mileage done by the last four tyres on my car. The Tyres are Cord, size 820×120, and are run on a Wolseley 20 h.p. six cylinder limousine.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tyre No. | 18184 | Mileage | 15,987 miles. |
| ,, ,, | 18114 | ,, | 15,096 ,, |
| ,, ,, | 17137 | ,, | 18,735 ,, |
| ,, ,, | 18062 | ,, | 17,697 ,, |

I have a careful record kept of all my tyres, and if you would like to verify the mileage, I shall be very pleased for you to do so."

From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq., Falkirk.

"I have on my Moon car two Dunlop Cord Tyres which have reached the 14,000 mile mark and are still going strong . . . two others have done over 5,000 each and look quite fresh."

TRADE MARK

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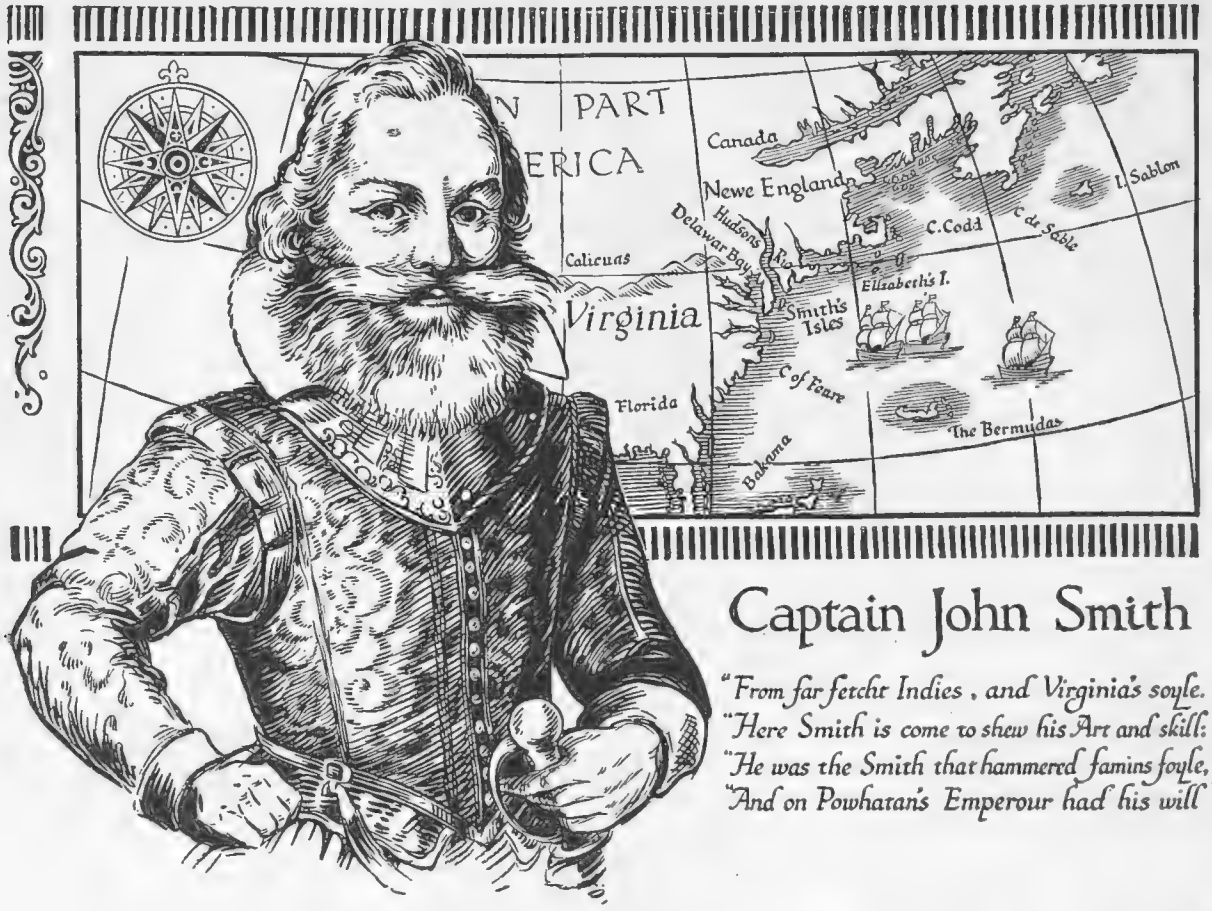
TO OBTAIN THE BEST RESULTS FROM ANY COVER, GIVE IT THE UNFAILING SUPPORT OF A DUNLOP TUBE.




## Captain John Smith

*"From far fetcht Indies, and Virginia's soyle.*
*"Here Smith is come to shew his Art and skill:*
*"He was the Smith that hammered famins foyle,*
*"And on Powhatan's Emperour had his will"*

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## Virginia Cigarettes
### THE CIGARETTE WITH THE PEDIGREE.

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*comes from Virginia*
*and no better Brand than*
*"THREE CASTLES"*

W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians"

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T.C.18

THE
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carrying a variety of timber and flowering shrubs; also a fine field of some 6 acres. The Property comprises in all about

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*"You're not the only one in the Family with a sweet tooth, son!*

"Here's your mother—mean to say you haven't given her any . . . you're no son of mine, James.

"What . . . you've put half the tin on one side for mother because you knew that when I came home I'd want nearly all? You sinner, you rascal, you . . . son of your old dad—HAND OVER THAT TIN!"

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THE Waverley "Ten" is not only remarkably inexpensive in initial cost, but also one of the most economical cars to run. Thanks to the sweet-running efficiency of its engine and the light build of both chassis and coachwork, its fuel consumption—as proved by its performance in the recent Scottish Light Car Trial—is very small. Furthermore, the special Waverley suspension ensures a minimum of tyre wear. Let us arrange a trial.

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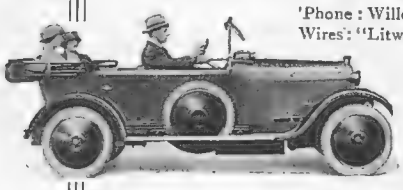
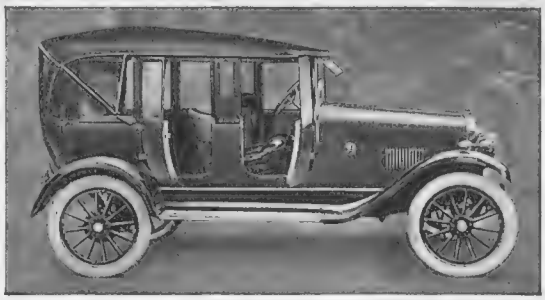


Four-Seater £410

Two-Seater £395



Overland British-Built Model All-Weather Touring Car.

Overland

BRITISH-BUILT MODEL ALL-WEATHER TOURING CAR 395 Gns.

1922 OVERLAND MODELS

| | Gns. |
|---|---|
| British Model Touring Car | 395 |
| British Model 2-seater with double dickey .. .. | 380 |
| Three-quarter Landaulette | £545 |
| Standard Model Touring Car | £295 |
| Sedan .. .. .. .. | £475 |

All prices ex works.

Deferred Payments can be arranged.

## Just a few Seconds

is all that is required to change this car from an Open Touring to a completely enclosed one.

The side curtains fit snugly all round giving ample protection in the worst weather.

The upholstery is in real leather and an Auster Wind Screen and C.A.V. Lamps are fitted.

The whole car is completely equipped and fitted with the famous Fisk Tyres.

Early delivery and definite dates may be had from any Overland Agent.

*Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.*

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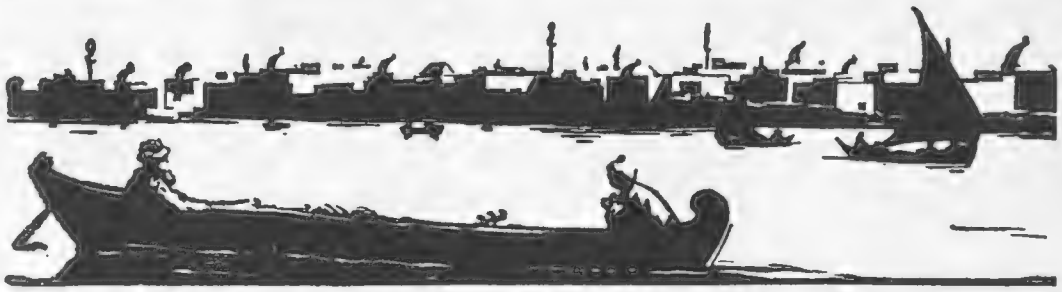

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IN the East they say: *"Do you Drink Tobacco?"* not *"Do you Smoke?"*—implying no mere puff-and-burn attitude towards the cigarette, but a restful, most deliberate savouring and rolling round the tongue of its soft fragrance and exquisite palate-pleasure. In this mood you should, because of their fine quality, "drink"

# MATINÉE
## Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf

by ALLAN RAMSAY

211 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

*STOCKINETTE*
*SUITS*
*FOR HOLIDAY OR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR*

This attractive and useful Suit has been designed for the coming season, and is made from novelty woollen stockinette with silk stripe. It is very becoming and is especially suitable for holiday or early Autumn wear.

**STOCKINETTE SUIT** (as sketch) a most becoming style made exclusively for Debenham and Freebody from novelty woollen stockinette with silk stripe. The coat has a roll front edged silk braid to tone, and skirt is pleated at sides to give extra fulness and braided to match coat.

PRICE
**12½ Gns.**
*Catalogue post free.*

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We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements.

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*NORVIC for MEN Now Obtainable*

Trade Mark.

Style N 270
Grey, Nieger or Black Suède,
**39/6**

**Summer—Autumn**

SUMMER drifts into Autumn with so easy a grace that few of us realise it. One often continues wearing Summer dresses long after the calendar has put its decisive foot down, so to speak, but the feet of early Autumn, fortunately, are seldom mud-bespattered. NORVIC Summer Shoes, in spite of their lightness, daintiness and flexibility, are just as suitable for September and October as ever they were for June to August, because they are well and truly made of fine materials which have exceptional durability. It is a point worth considering, is it not ?

**NORVIC**
*THE SHOE DE LUXE*
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NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

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You will find the American atmosphere particularly pleasing. The courteous and efficient service, the varied delights of the library, cardroom, grand salon for dancing, innumerable facilities for diversion—will prove a delightful introduction to America itself. Write to-day for detailed description. You will be under no obligation.

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The city of Aberdeen is famous as a holiday centre and of itself forms a delightful resting place, with glorious golden sands, Golf Courses, walks and drives unsurpassed in the Kingdom, while Aberdeen is also the starting point for Ballater, Balmoral, Braemar, Cruden Bay and the Highlands.

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Flannels, Sports Coats, Ladies Jumpers, Skirts, and Hats, can be made as smart and fresh as new, in a few days, by cleaning or dyeing in the "Achille Serre Way." The cost is trifling—7/6 for cleaning and pressing a complete suit or costume, 1/9 for a pair of Flannel Trousers. Price List and address of Branch near you sent on request.

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*Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge*

*REAL HARRIS*

## *TWEED SPORTS SUITS*

*SUITABLE FOR COUNTRY WEAR*

***Real Harris Tweed Sports Suit,** coat with novelty patch pockets, lined waterproof twill or plain silk merve to tone, skirt cut full. In light and dark shades.*

*PRICE*

*7½ Gns.*

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INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE KNITTED DRESS

WE have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Knitted Woollen Dresses, suitable for Holiday and Autumn wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

**KNITTED WOOLLEN DRESS** (as sketch) made from best quality yarn on ample lines suitable for a full figure, with panel each side in a contrasting shade. In a large range of beautiful colours.

PRICE **84/-**

**FURS AT SUMMER PRICES**
Until the end of September all Furs will be marked at special Summer Prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand at once. The new Winter Models are now in stock and can be copied.

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# Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

### Au Revoir to Navy Blue Serge

IT has come at last, and not altogether unexpectedly to those who keep their fingers on the pulse of *La Mode*, this break in favour for the historic navy blue. Just precisely what is directly responsible for this ban it is difficult to say, though possibly the many cheap little reach-me-down coat-frocks and costumes have been something of a factor. The one material in which navy blue shows anything like a determined bid for recognition is perlaine, though this has much serious rivalry to face in the long range of browns, rust, and such greens as olive, myrtle, and bottle.

Coats, coat-frocks, and three-piece suits of black duvetyn represent the epitome of *chic*, sometimes relieved by white, anon touched up by splashes of vivid wool Russian embroideries, or trimmed with cuffs and collar of tan-coloured agnella material the shade of a golden setter dog. It is regarded as quite consistent to surmount a black duvetyn skirt with a floppy blouse top of heavy white georgette or crepe de Chine, usually accentuated in the coat lining and also in some amusing white feather mount on a black *panne* hat.

An arresting appearance was achieved by white *coq* feathers, torn from their stem and each frond attached separately across the front of a quaintly folded black *panne* model, the longest feathers curling down over either ear like an inverted interrogation mark, another equally clever white mount displaying a deep padded band of small hackle feathers held at one side the back by a cluster of soft, long quills. It is a curious *penchant*, this, for *demi-deuil*, and one we shall probably weary of ere the winter sets in.

**PARISIAN ELEGANCE**

**The latest version of the contrasting coat and skirt, the latter plain and slim and the coat cut with a decided flare in the basque**

*Original sketch by Betty Nisbet*

### The Contrasting Coat and Skirt

THIS is not by any manner of means *démodé*, only it has taken on a fresh expression, alike in colourings and styles. Thus for the hip-length, loose smoking type of jacket there is substituted a longer coat with a decided *flare* in the *basque*, and skirts are plain, not pleated. The material for the latter may either be checked or striped, the stripes often effected in groups of parti-colours or else clever gradations of one colour.

Dark-blue, for example, striped with graded greys is good, also brown with *beige* toning up to a tawny brown that is almost orange, and any one of these could be employed for the suit illustrated, the coat in a self shade of gabardine or suiting, bound everywhere with a silk military braid.

This, it may be pointed out, is an exceptionally representative coat on the approved classical lines, albeit one it takes the expert to cut and model, for it is essentially not a model that can be bought off a peg, since every figure requires to be individually fitted, to ensure the *flare* and subtle suggestion of a waistline occurring at the right point. That much being said, the suit at once complies with the decree for quiet, discreet elegance that is the latest from Paris.

### The Triumph of Imitation Furs

REVERTING to the before-mentioned woollen curly weaves resembling agnella and astrakhan, unquestionably the most sensational success to which these are being put is in the cause of short coats. In pale grey, mole, and tan these are exceptionally smart and practical, the tightness or looseness of the curl conforming to the various *nuances*. Thus a Persian lamb grey model was soft and loose, the *basque* barely covering the bend of the hips, a slight fulness at the sides being caught to the figure by small *pattes*. It was lined with primrose-yellow crepe de Chine.

This, by the way, was seen at Debenham and Freebody's,

**A CAPTIVATING COAT**

**This is of mole agnella with a flat straight back, a wide sash belt of the material starting from the sides, the ends passing in front through a poker-worked wooden buckle, the high, becoming collar of rabbit dyed to tone**

*Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's*

*FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)*

Wigmore Street, as was also the example illustrated on the previous page, of mole agnella, a most captivating coat, with its flat, straight back, a wide sash belt of the material starting from the sides, the ends passing in front through a poker-worked wooden buckle, the high, becoming collar of rabbit dyed to tone.

As may be easily imagined, these ingenious woollen weaves wear infinitely longer than any of the cheap doctored pelts, and are fully worthy of being accepted on their own distinctive merits and accorded a special title, notwithstanding their great similitude to lamb and astrakhan. Anyway, it will suffice for the majority that they are smiled upon by so exclusive an establishment as Debenham and Freebody's.

### Pretty Practical Frock for a Girl of Eight to Ten Years of Age

HERE is another contribution to the nursery or schoolroom, and one that will make ready appeal to the mother who is seeking a simple model that is yet removed from the commonplace.

The feature is the coat effect, defined by a border of fancy worsted braid. It is a frock that would carry out successfully and seasonably in diagonal brown serge, the braid in shades of orange and black. The skirt is not double throughout, as that would render it too heavy for young, restless limbs, the front portion being caught invisibly to the loose coat part either side. An entrance is arranged at the left side through the medium of press studs.

**A BECOMING FROCK**

**This smart and sensible little frock is admirably suitable for a child of eight or ten years of age, being fashioned of brown diagonal serge trimmed orange and black worsted braid**

*Original design by Betty Nisbet*

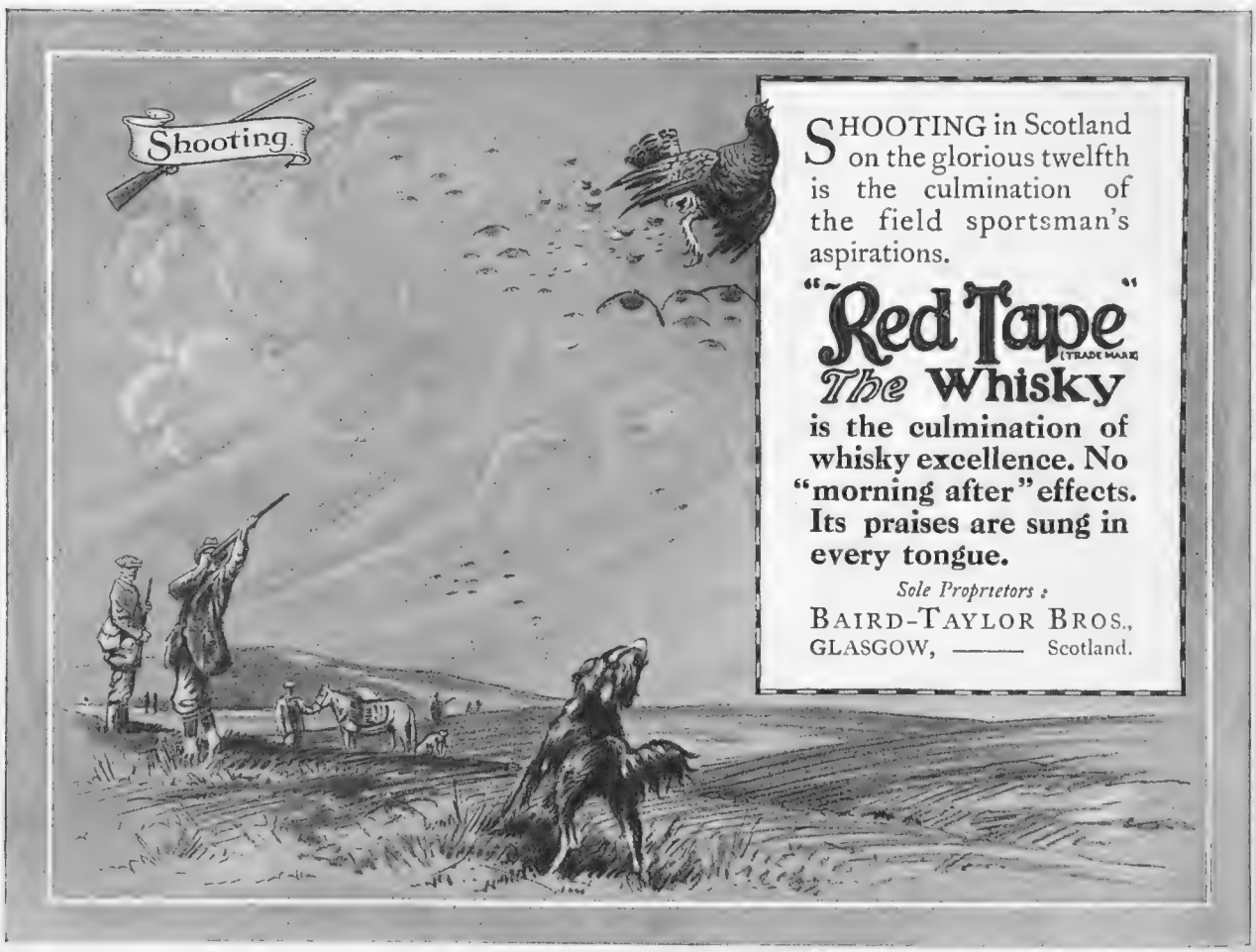
I can also vision such a frock looking especially *chic* completed by a circular cape, with slits at the sides for the hands to pass through and a high, soft up-and-down collar, the whole, of course, of the same material as the frock, and, perhaps, lined with orange to accentuate the contrast, which I should further like to see picked up in a velours hat.

### Mushroom-Pink Silk Stockings

WHATEVER the colour of the day gown or costume, stockings are invariably of this peculiarly delicate colour, which rather gains in density over the leg. It is possible to pick up almost any shade of grey or biscuit at comparatively reasonable prices, the which is in itself significant, but mushroom-pink, no matter the quality, commands a price, because at the moment the supply is scarcely equal to the demand.

Accompanying them with equal insistence is the black patent shoe, court shape or with a single instep strap. It is rumoured pretty strongly that elaborately strapped shoes, both for day and evening wear, are passing, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, since it is far easier to bring out a cheap shoe of inferior cut that is held in place by a labyrinth of straps than a simple style that rests its whole success on perfect cut and workmanship,

(Continued on page x)



# Summit Quarter-size COLLARS Shape 87

THE wide cut-away, with points well under the waistcoat, makes this essentially the collar for wear with the larger knots now so much in favour.

*Quarter size fittings—four to the inch—from 13½ to 18½ inches.*

**1/- each - Six for 6/-**

*At all Austin Reed Shops*

Sample Collar and Booklet, Post Free, 1/-

*Write to* 113 Regent Street, W.1

**AUSTIN REED LTD**

*"Hosiers to Discerning Men"*

NINE LONDON SHOPS

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**DO not be misled by installing the wrong plant in your house. The ideal plant under certain conditions may be absolutely inadequate or unsuitable for your purpose.**

We place our 35 years' specialised experience at the disposal of our clients in advising them upon the most suitable plant and complete installation to provide the current necessary for the lighting and power requirements of their country houses, estates or farms.

This means that you are buying wisely and that you are sure of obtaining the installation to carry out the required duties, and at the same time obtaining it in the most economical manner.

**Edmundsons** ELECTRICITY CORPORATION, LIMITED.

*We will gladly advise you and are prepared to send a qualified Engineer to submit estimates to any part of the United Kingdom.*

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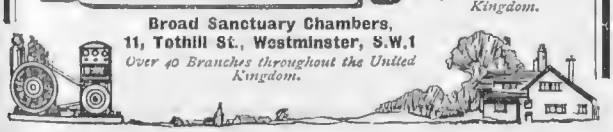
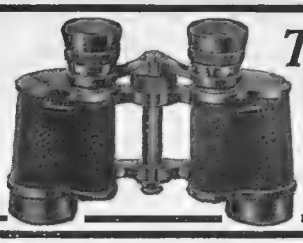
*Over 40 Branches throughout the United Kingdom.*



# The Lumina Prism Binoculars



**A GREAT opportunity to obtain a Prism Binocular as used by the Allied Armies at less than pre-war cost.**

These Glasses have an object glass of 30mm. which is scientifically perfect and gives a bright and beautiful image of the object looked at that has not been equalled in any other glass.

**THE "LUMINA"**

Adjustable for width between the eyes, with central screw focussing and adjustable eyepiece. Magnification x 8.

Price complete with solid leather case and lanyard,

**£5 - 15 - 0**

Post, packing, and insurance free to any part of the World.

Money returned in full if not approved and sent back within five days.

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AITCHISON & CO. LTD.

*Estd. 1880.* *Opticians to British and Allied Governments,*

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281, Oxford St., W.C.1. 121, Cheapside, E.C.2.
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**"GOVERNMENT MARK VI COMPASSES."**

Less than one-third of pre-war price. Size 1¾ inches. Weight 1¾ ozs. Watch size, Nickel Case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading - - **4/6** *post free.*

# Wright's COAL TAR Soap

The Nursery Soap

PROTECTS FROM INFECTION

7½ per tab: Box of 3 tabs 1/9
Bath tablets (double size)
1/- per tab: Box of 3 tabs 3/-

*FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)*

essentials that ensure a shapeliness to the end.

### Special Reduction

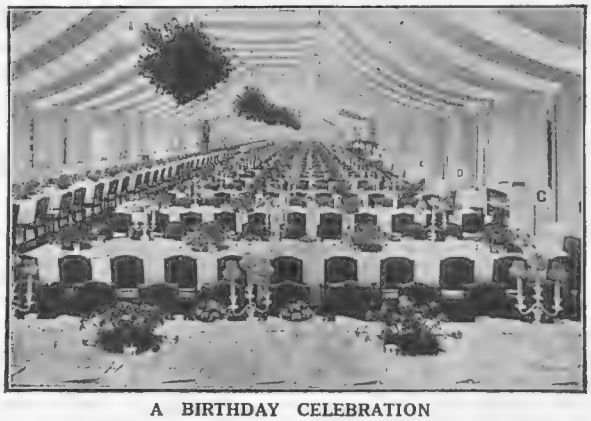
EVERY shopper of judgment and experience knows that it is a genuine economy to buy only the very best material. This is a truth especially to be remembered at the present time, when to obtain the fullest value for expenditure has an importance none can afford to overlook.

It is, therefore, especially gratifying when a well-known favourite like "Viyella," already famous for its unequalled value, becomes available at a reduced price. The pleasure of the public will be still more marked owing to the fact that the new "Viyella" reduction takes place just before the autumn season, so that the customer reaps the full benefit of the lower price in making the new purchases that are sure to be required.

"Viyella" is now obtainable from all first-class drapers at only 3*s.* 11*d.* per yard for the tropical and standard weights of 31 ins. wide, other weights and widths being reduced in proportion.

### The Ideal Magnesia

There is no aperient so much esteemed as magnesia, but, at the same time, none that requires more careful administration. The solid or powdered product is most dangerous, as it tends to form lumps that endanger and even destroy life. It is to avoid this possibility that Dinneford's have produced their liquid magnesia. In the stomach troubles of infancy it is invaluable and is the universal remedy for headaches, heartburn, and all bilious troubles. For over one hundred years it has been recommended by doctors as the ideal magnesia. Dinneford's Magnesia is obtainable in 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* bottles, and should always find a place in your medicine cupboard.



A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

**Recently the Eastern Telegraph Company celebrated their fiftieth birthday by a banquet and fête at the Royal Botanic Gardens. The entire arrangements were in the hands of Messrs. J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., who transferred the gardens into a very near approach to Fairyland. For the accommodation of the 6,500 guests, temporary buildings were erected, and the photograph shows the dining room laid up for 750 guests, among whom were H.R.H. the Duke of York and other distinguished guests, including foreign ambassadors**

### An Hotel de Luxe

The choice of an hotel on a visit to Town is a matter that requires a certain amount of bitter experience unless one knows already of the ideal place. To travellers visiting London, either for a long or a short visit, the Hotel Reubens, in Buckingham Palace Road, provides all that can be required by the most fastidious. Its position is ideal, being in the heart of the Town and only one minute's journey from Victoria Station, where attendants meet all Continental trains. Bedrooms, with private bathrooms and telephones, may be obtained and the *cuisine* is of the best. When we add to this that all charges have been greatly reduced we have put forward, perhaps, the least of its recommendations.

### A Show of Fine Animals

The English Jersey Cattle Society, 19, Bloomsbury Square, are holding a show and sale on September 19 next, at the premises of the Pedigree Stock Sales Company at Slough. Every animal, apart from being entered in the E.J.H.B., has to pass the tuberculin test, and be certified as sound in every respect by a qualified M.R.C.V.S This should be a very fine opportunity for buyers of Jerseys wanting to purchase animals, and also for sellers, as the Society is offering £120 in prizes.


Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW MODEL HATS
FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

*Becoming toque of black velvet with panne crown trimmed soft glycerine feather mount in Black, Navy, or Brown.* .. .. .. .. .. 98/6

*This Hat will be found in our Model Salon on the First Floor.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE TEA GOWNS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of attractive tea frocks of which sketch is a typical example.

"SYLVIA"

New Line long TEA FROCK in good quality Ecru Margot Lace outlined with black chiffon and showing an entire under slip of deep cream crepe de Chine, finished at waist with plaited belt to match.

SPECIAL PRICE

£5 19 6

Exceptional offer in silk holeproof Lisle feet and top in Black, White Suede, Mid Grey, Silver, Brown, Nigger, Putty, Camel, and Beaver. 5/11 per pair, Actual Value 8/11.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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*Sent on approval.*

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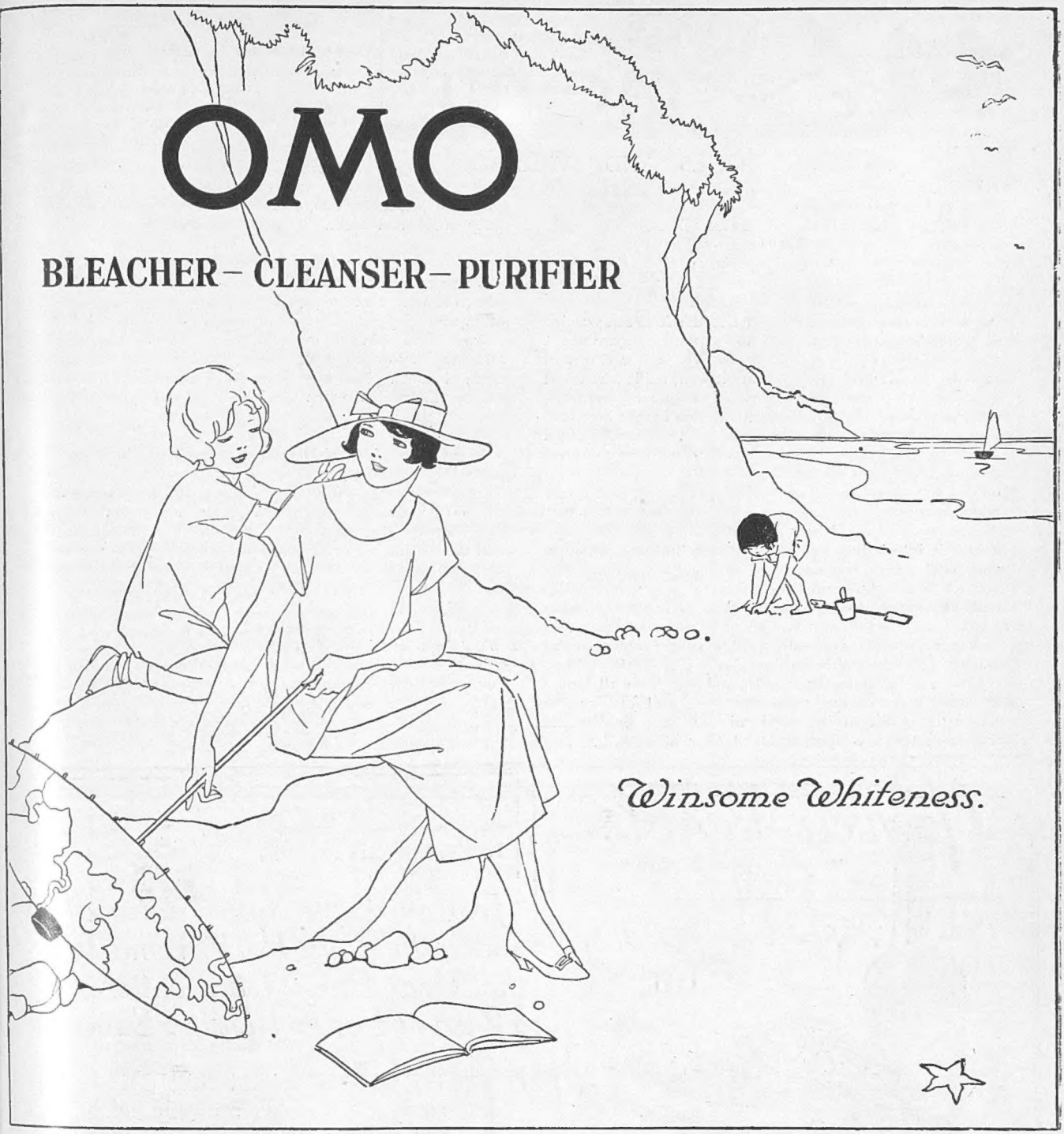
## BLEACHER – CLEANSER – PURIFIER



*Winsome Whiteness.*

**WHITE frocks on the golden sands—the snowy purity of whiteness with the clean freshness of the sea. Omo enhances the charm and simplicity of white things. Linen washed with Omo is distinctive because of its dazzling whiteness.**

**Omo brings to the copper all the bleaching and purifying qualities of pure, fresh air. But the clothes must be boiled to make the oxygen properties fully effective.**

*NOT FOR COLOURS, WOOLLENS OR FLANNELS.*

*Put the white things into cold water with OMO, bring to the boil, let them boil for half-an-hour, rinse and hang to dry.*

## IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE

*OMO is made by Hudson's —a name famous in every household.*

0162—84a R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, Liverpool, West Bromwich and London.

## AUTUMN DISHES AND SWEETS

COMPOTE OF MELON
PLUM FRITTERS BAKED BANANAS
VEGETABLE MARROW JAM
TOFFEE NOUGAT

### Compote of Melon

Now water-melons are plentiful the following recipe is recommended: Put 1 lb. of white sugar into a pan. Add one pint of cold water and a few drops of lemon-juice. Boil fast, skimming it well, till it is reduced to about half. Have ready a peeled melon with the seeds removed, and cut into pieces about two inches long and half an inch thick. Lay these pieces in the syrup, add a pinch of cinnamon and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Then take the pan off the fire, and let it remain till quite cold. Put the slices of melon in a glass dish, and strain the syrup over.

### Plum Fritters

Divide into halves some large plums that are not over-ripe, peel them, take out the stones, and leave the plums to soak in a little brandy or liqueur for two hours. Dip each half plum into some castor sugar, and then into some batter made as follows: Put about 3½ ozs. of flour into a basin, and add to it gradually a gill of milk, a tablespoonful each of salad oil and brandy, and a pinch of salt. When the mixture is perfectly smooth and free from all lumps add the yolks of two eggs, stir well, and just as the batter is going to be used mix in very lightly the whites of the two eggs, whisked to a stiff froth. Let the plums be well covered with the batter, fry them in boiling fat, and, when done to a golden colour, lay them on paper to drain, dredge castor sugar over them, and serve very hot—piled up high on a dish.

### Baked Bananas

Place the bananas in a baking-dish, cutting a small piece off each end, and bake until the skins burst. Serve as a vegetable, in their skins, or with cream or melted currant-jelly sauce as a sweet. This is a Spanish recipe.

### Vegetable Marrow Jam

To every 5 lbs. of marrow allow 5 lbs. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 ozs. of preserved ginger, and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put sugar and a little water to keep it from burning in the preserving-pan. When it is melted add the marrow (cut up), ginger, cayenne, and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for an hour or longer. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

### Toffee

Ingredients: ¾ lb. of Demerara sugar, one tin of Swiss milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cocoa, three teaspoonfuls of vanilla essence. First melt the butter, then add the sugar, milk, and cocoa (which has been mixed with a very little water), and last of all add the vanilla. Stir until it boils, and then boil for half an hour very slowly, stirring all the time or it will burn. Cut into squares while warm.

### Nougat

Put in a pan ½ lb. of granulated sugar, dry, no water. When melted throw in some sweet almonds, blanched, and a few bitter ones, also blanched, thoroughly dried and chopped into rough dice. Stir all together and turn out on a buttered dish. Work it about for a little, then roll flat with a greased rolling-pin. Cut in shapes. EMILIA

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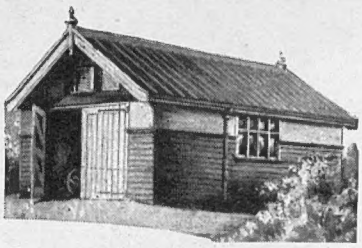

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|---|---|---|---|
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